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The Almanac

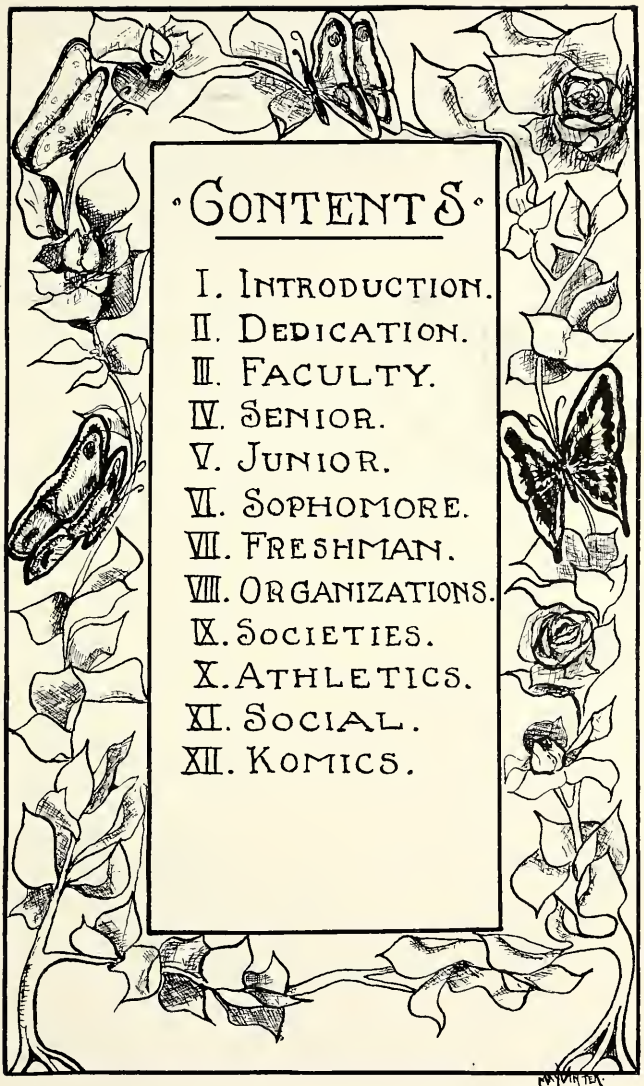
Published by The Annual
Board of The Toledo
Central High School
Nineteen Hundred and Fourteen

Volume Number Sixteen

FOREWORD

THE 1914 ALMANAC will probably be the last Annual ever published by the Central High School. The Annual Board has endeavored to make this sixteenth and last issue representative of the entire school.

If the students find something among its pages to recall to them the pleasantest memories of their high school life, the Annual Board will be more than repaid for their efforts.



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Principal Charles W. Gayman

This book is respectfully dedicated to

Professor Charles W. Gayman

in appreciation of his invaluable assistance

in the compilation of this volume

of the Almanac



Professor F. W. Mathias



Dr. William B. Guitteau

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my freshman & sophmore classes at E. Side Central
While Waite Hi was being completed
My Junior Year spent here - Senior at Waite



TOLEDO CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

Mamma graduated in class of
Her English Teacher was Mary W. Illenlop -
" German " " Ella M. Fordt - mine also

Hildigard Strempfer - my math & science teacher was the daughter of Pastor Strempfer who baptised me Aug. 1897
St. Marks Lutheran church - E. Side.



PROFESSOR J. I. WARD

PROFFESSOR J. J. WARD

After twenty-eight years of efficient service in the schools of Toledo, Mr. Ward has retired as an instructor. He began teaching in 1879 in Webster Township, Wood County, Ohio. His experience in the schools of Toledo began in 1886, as an instructor at Auburndale School, where he remained until he became principal of Washington School. After the resignation of Superintendent McDonald, he was appointed Superintendent of the Toledo Schools. In 1905 he entered the Central High School as an instructor of History and Commercial Law, and remained there until his retirement in 1914.



MISS MARY REX

married Mr. Haskins
daughter Janet -

THE LIBRARY OF CENTRAL HIGH

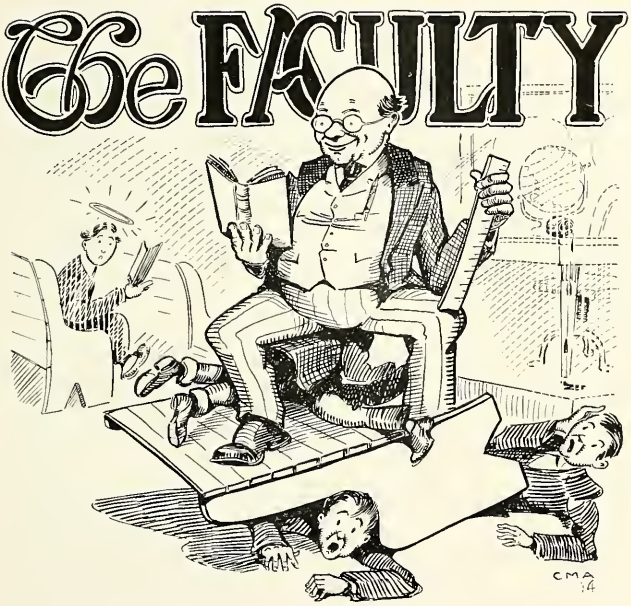
GOING back a few years in school history, we come to a night in May, 1906, when Old Central appeared in a blaze of glory, the occasion being the first carnival held for the purpose of raising funds for the proposed library.

Again in May, 1907, a second carnival was given. From these two enterprises, thru the tireless efforts of Dr. Guitteau and many of the teachers, together with the enthusiasm and co-operation of the students, a sum of $1,500 was realized. This made a library for the school possible. A bequest of $1,000 from T. J. Brown and $330, given as a memorial for W. A. Ogden, helped very materially in completing our collection of books.

In February, 1907, the library was opened to the students, and now contains 2,500 volumes.

The value to the school of a library so complete has been more than proved. The scope of all departments has been greatly widened. Students not only become familiar with library administration, but have been thrown in touch with the best that has been written in the ages.

The school and library must go hand in hand, each supplementing the other. It is thru the library that education continues after school life is over, provided the library habit has been created during school days. Thus the importance and value of a library which may be used by all students even in school hours, is inestimable.


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Class of 1914

Motto—Possumus si fieri potest.

Colors—Black and gold.

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Miss Marie Metzger

In Memory of Marie Metzger

By Leonard J. G. Aue.

Once more the Reaper Death has come,
Into this world of strife;
And with his blade of sharpened edge,
Cut off another life.

The flow'r he took was fair to see,
And in its fullest bloom,
He thought it best the soul to free,
And send her to the tomb.

In this light then, it can be seen
That all was for the best,
For free from pain and suff'ring keen,
She now is laid to rest.

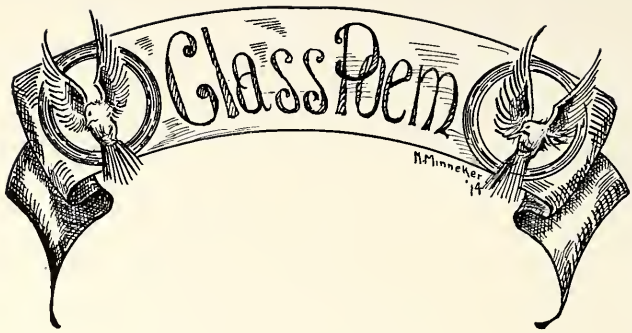
May God in mercy and in ruth,
The mother bless and save;
And comfort send in heavenly truth,
Of life beyond the grave.

In body she has gone from us
Beyond the other shore—
In spirit, she is still with us
As in the days before.

So hard it is to understand,
Why one so young is taken;
Yet surely in that spirit land,
We know she's not forsaken.

The trials on earth are hard to bear,
As every mortal knows;
She is not vexed by woe or care,
While in her sweet repose.

Oh, time and tide for no man wait!
And soon we too must die;
Then may each soul at heaven's gate,
Proclaim its victory!



Part I.

There are three reasons why I am here tonight—
A fourth, which is, to see the girls in white;
The reason first of why I'm here is thus—
To be here with you all in one last "fuss,"
To take a good look at you all once more
Before you pass out Central's oaken door.

The second reason is, I must confess,
Not to show off in an unusual dress,
But in plain words, I'm here to get a "feed,"
Though not because I am of it in need;
But just because one weakness of all boys
Is as you know, to eat—A thousand joys!
Then adding, too, as one more last resource,
They have decided not to cut a "course."

The third and last of all, the brainy reason,
(For poetry should flourish at this season),
To read to you the ditty I have writt'n,
(Begun so early surely 'tis frost bitt'n.)

I do not come before you to win fame,
Or make a Tennyson out of my name,
But just to show you what is obvious,
O'er "x plus y" we shall no longer cuss.

Part II.

For four long years, or more, we girls and boys
Have tried most hard, depriv'd of many joys,
To train out for the army, as it were,
Of nineteen hundred and fourteen? Yes sir!

But wait! Did I not say for four long years?
Oh yes, and there I first shift wrong the gears,
For all of you will no doubt much agree,
The training in old Central armory
Has not been long, but rather far too short,
And soon we'll take possession of life's fort.

But what about this army? You might say,
Are we a bunch of fighters here today?
In answer I will only say these words—
"If you are not," and one can only urge,
"How will you fight the battles of this life?
Which are so full of hardships and of strife."

Well now, our training is perhaps all done,
And we must organize, yea every one;
Our leaders we must know and recognize,
Else how can we the enemy surprise?

The chief commander, Mr. Gayman, here,
Has giv'n commands that oft have seem'd most queer;
But by strict rule and force of discipline,
We have full well been taught to toe the line.

The next in rank is one extremely pious,
Lieutenant General, Mr. F. Mathias.
This man receives his orders higher up,
But just the same he surely gets the cup.
We often did regret (?) to hear him speak,
"My children, there will be no school next week."
(Oh dear, my fault to say my children,
Instead of ladies and young gentlemen;
Nevertheless, the former was most sweet
To give my verse the proper numb'r of feet.)

Besides, there is an army cabinet,
The class' officers you'll ne'er forget,

Committees too, in council often sit,
Supposed to guide out social stunts a bit;
Of course, these wise ones always do agree (?)
When bullets fly the thickest, don't you see?

Oh yes, and there I very near forgot
Our rooter, who is always on the spot.
So nine loud rah's until you crack your spleen,
"The boys of nineteen hundred and fourteen!"

Excuse me, if I have not mentioned all,
My hand is weak, so catch me e'er I fall.

Part III.

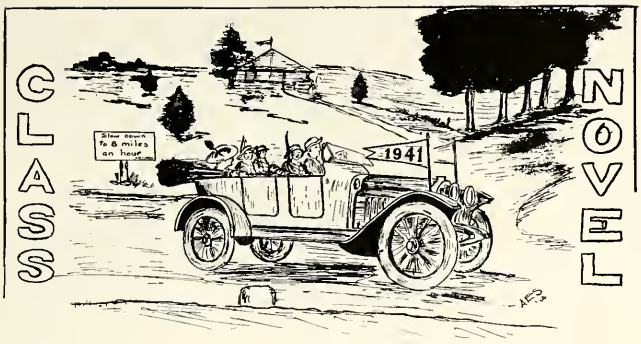
But now our training has been quite complete,
We're organized with others to compete;
Yet not the lot of each and everyone
Is just the same, or fill'd with morning sun.
For some, temptations of this life are great,
And more than they can hold upon their plate;
We lose them by the wayside far too soon—
They make their disappearance after June.
We cannot all advance to Generals,
And some, 'tis sad, not e'en to corporals.
As soldiers, we have all an equal chance,
(Regardless of the way in which we dance)
To conquer, and to win our own success;
To play this life as 'twere a game of chess.

But can we win the battle for '14?
The answer, "Yes" is clear enough foreseen,
For have we not some battles fought and won,
Each with a shiny sword and mighty gun,
Of past old nineteen hundred and eleven,
Of twelve and thirteen. And today the leaven
Of life is such, that in our many needs,
Shall rise Ambition to prompt to noble deeds.

So face to face, the foe we are prepared
To meet and beat, and likewise not be scared.
"Take aim!" "Be ready soon to fire!" the blow
No doubt at first will fall on Mexico.

The trials of this life may seem severe,
Environment and circumstance quite queer;
Success may also seem far from our reach,
But as a parting word, I do beseech.
The training's o'er, and when our life's great test,
"Possumus si fieri potest!"

—By Leonard J. G. Aue.



The Speed Limit, or The Class of 1941

By Esther Severinghaus.

"For the love of T. H. S. and this dear class of 1941!—what's all your haste about?" There was no doubt as to the identity of the person owning that voice. Harriett Prince wheeled around in quick order and waited. "It appears to me," said Jane as she came running up, "that there really is one thing which this infallible class has forgotten."

"Why Jane Lewis, what can that be?"

"Now dear, don't be alarmed for our reputation—I'll assure you it's nothing more than the establishment of a speed limit for such creatures as,—well, as you, for example."

Harriett breathed a sigh of relief and then spoke. "Well, I'm certainly thankful that you had nothing more important in mind. But incidentally, I might remark that my present haste happens to be the result of a *certain kind* of speed limit. I've just had to fly down to the office and change the order of things in this month's social bulletin, before it goes to press. That class meeting yesterday certainly did succeed in upsetting things."

Too many generalities, and nothing specific, in Harriett's remarks, and on a subject that sounded really very interesting proved to be too much for Jane.

"Oh please! Harriett, can't you give me a connected account of this thing? Won't you remember that I was not here yesterday? O yes, I dare say I'd have come anyway had I known that anything so very interesting was going to come up. But then you know there have been so many things going on, with which a person has to keep going, too, that yesterday found me tired enough to drop off to sleep in almost any place or position. Furthermore, I didn't have any of my class work in a presentable fashion, so I concluded to stay at home and take chances again of escaping a 'blue slip.' But there! I won't interrupt any longer—I'm awfully anxious to find out what happened."

"Of course," said Harriett, "I didn't think anything else but that you had already heard about the outcome of our meeting: but then it won't take long to tell you. The fact is that we have been considered entirely too lavish, and some of the parents have expressed their ideas to members of the Board and Faculty. As was expected the Faculty regarded them

with favorable eyes, and the result was our special class meeting of yesterday.

"To be sure, we couldn't be expected to omit any one of the functions for which we have arranged. Consequently, so that we might not incur any ill will on the part of either parents or faculty by entirely disregarding their wishes, we conceeded to the extent of combining the Class Banquet and Prom. That's the entire situation."

As they talked they reached the lockers and there found the customary groups of girls, trying to reason out particularly troublesome parts of the day's assignments which single brains had evidently found too much of a task.

Jane and Harriett were however, social leaders, and had scarcely appeared in the doorway when a simultaneous closing of books was heard. The different groups formed in one large circle with the two latest arrivals in the center. Classwork was entirely forgotten and the late social change became the sole topic of interest. Strange how a small particular can so materially affect such a number of girls!

With the exception of a few who were merely interested listeners, each girl expressed her ideas regarding the new social combination. This round of opinion continued with animation until the warning gong sounded. Then things grew quieter and the talking died away in a long sigh. But as a last gloomy word one girl was heard to say: "They began by laying restrictions on our good times here in the building, (why in the world we have to break up and run into the Assembly at the first sound of that horrid gong, is more than I can see)."

"Oh now, don't be a pessimist," called Harriett, as she caught Jane's arm and headed the procession to the Assembly; "As to the banquet, that doesn't involve anything much worse than deciding which one of those charming gowns, which we have selected, is to be eliminated. As to this rigid discipline, mother and dad both say that they haven't the slightest doubts as to its necessity. They say they weren't dealt with any more leniently in their day, (that must have been about nineteen thirteen or fourteen) and I guess they couldn't have been any worse than we are."

It's only natural that girls should get together and make known their exact feelings. In the boy's lockers things were different. Whether it was because they were simply not inclined to impart their feelings and difficulties to everyone, whether they were not so seriously affected or whether they are slower to awaken to subjects of that sort, I do not know. For some reason, however, only an occasional remark could be heard in regard to the subject which the girls had found to be of so much interest. Probably the change didn't make much difference to them in general. There was *one*, though, with whom things seemed to be going wrong. But there was *no one* who, after diligently employing his mental faculties and searching his memory, could conceive of any possible cause for the gloom and *general grouch* of Forrest Castleton.

Forrest had always been such a good fellow—that was the reason they had made him Senior President, in spite of the girls' attempt to fill that office. He had always been so enthusiastic in making the best, and a success of all arrangements; what could have come up to create such a change in him! It certainly couldn't be such a trifling matter as the parents' extravagance limit, which had brought about the doubling up of social events. That wouldn't do anything more than deprive him of an additional evening

with Jane,—(for everyone knew, of course, that Forrest and Jane would share those pleasures.)

She, to be sure, had been with them only the one year, but the Lewis family had been prominent in the East, and Jane had become almost instantly an idol of the girls, and most popular with the boys of the class. She had also been quick to perceive that Forrest Castleton was good looking, witty, bright and in every way desirable in addition to being the class president. She had forthwith decided that his attentions were to be desired.

It was evident that she liked him, and since she did, what else was to be expected than that he succumb to her charms, and be her every-ready, every-willing and gracious escort on every occasion. *That* was why the class knew that Forrest would only be deprived of one additional evening with Jane. But the knowledge, even of Seniors, is sometimes mistaken knowledge. This trifling social concern was the exact cause of all of Forrest's trouble and gloom.

In accordance with the expectations, and for the satisfaction of the class, he *had* asked Jane for the Banquet. At the same time he said to himself, "And of course, I'd rather take her than anyone else." But the Senior Prom was not a strictly class function, and as it happened, Forrest knew a few girls besides those of his home town. Furthermore, one certain girl from Chicago, he happened to know still better than Jane.

"What wouldn't I give," said Forrest as he proceeded in private to pour out maledictions upon his own head, because of his "blessed luck," "What wouldn't I give if I hadn't sent that letter to Chicago. Not that I have changed my mind in the least about wanting Helen to come down for the Prom—for goodness knows, I like Helen even better than Jane—but matters would certainly be less complicated for me now, if I hadn't asked her. Two different girls, for two different functions, but on the *same* night!

But the letter to Miss Helen Launsbury, requesting her presence at the Senior Prom, had unfortunately been mailed the day previous to that of the fatal class meeting.

Of course there were more ways than one in which the situation might have been relieved. He could have explained the situation to Helen in a second letter, and she would be certain to understand; or any one of the fellows would have been only too glad to help him out by asking Jane for the Prom, if he had told them. But none of these methods proved a source of comfort or satisfaction. The situation appeared too complex to unravel just then and he decided to await the workings of time for a while longer at least, and see if a plan would suggest itself.

As for Jane,—with her there was also a friend,—and a good friend, too, back in Philadelphia. Good fortune alone was all that had saved her from a situation quite as troublesome as that of the President. Burdette Rogers had counted on being on hand for the June festivities, but he had only just written that an unexpected trip to the West would make such arrangements impossible. At first Jane had been disappointed—(for didn't she like Burdette even better than Forrest?) But now she was glad, eternally glad that she didn't have to worry about the Prom.

Forrest's grouch also seemed to be wearing off, and things slipped back into their usual tranquil channel. But time slipped by too, and the afternoon of the eventful day arrived. With a start Forrest realized that his problem still remained unsolved. He had continued in his oblivious, trusting state too long. Helen was coming that very evening, and he had promised

to be on hand for her at 9:30. How it was to be accomplished he didn't know.

* * * * * * * *

The noon train for the East was crowded, and when Helen boarded at one of Chicago's suburbs, she found one remaining seat, and that with a strange young gentleman. Sitting down, she decided to make herself as comfortable as possible. It wasn't long before each one of the two occupants of that seat concluded that the other might under different circumstances, prove very interesting company. And long before the end of the journey was reached, they had found out that they were both destined for the same place, and had mutual interests in the same T. H. S. and its Senior Class.

Surprising coincidences were forthcoming, and soon Miss Launsbury learned that Mr. Rogers was an old friend of Miss Lewis; that a western trip of his had been shorter than expected, and he was arriving wholly unlooked for. In turn he learned that Miss Launsbury and Mr. Castleton, the Class President, had long been friends, and that she was intending to be present at the Senior Prom that evening.

As he listened, Mr. Rogers' expression changed, and he began pondering several things in his mind. Miss Launsbury had certainly intimated that the Senior President was to be her escort that evening, and he was positive that Jane had written the same thing in one of her letters. Some things were most assuredly muddled!

Some minutes later he had a suggestion. He would like to look in on the gay company, why couldn't he take Miss Launsbury, and have her at the Hall, before Castleton had a chance to escape from the Banquet.

Helen considered the plan and thoroughly enjoyed the novelty it might afford. Forrest would already have left when she arrived, she would dress and then go with this newly found friend. Why shouldn't she surprise Forrest? Consequently they agreed and when the train rolled into the station, their plans had been determined.

Shortly before this hour, when the time had come, Forrest jumped into his car, and with the bravest attempts at playing his usual self, sped on his way toward Jane's. Upon their arrival at the hall, they found themselves in the midst of a gay, joyous throng. The entrance of the two was the final signal for action. The crowd moved forward for the pleasant hours of banqueting.

Tall, graceful baskets of flowers adorned the tables, palms and ferns stood about everywhere, a soft light was cast over the entire room, the setting was perfect, the spirit that predominated was thrilling. How could any one be anything but happy?

Even Forrest seemed for a time to discard his ill forebodings, but as the evening wore on, pleasantry began to prove a task, a forced effort. Even the food so temptingly placed before him seemed to lose its savor. Thought was distressing.

The last toast had been made, enjoyed and applauded, when with one accord the crowd arose. Their banqueting together was at an end, and they moved on to enjoy the intermission before the evening dancing began.

Forrest and Jane, among the last to leave the Hall, passed on in the direction of the lobby. Forrest himself was in a state of torture. He had placed everything in the hands of Chance, and Chance hadn't favored him.

He had promised to call for Helen at 9:30 and that hour was already at hand. What could he do? It was no wonder that he was failing in his duty as an interesting and attentive escort.

A short tug at his coat sleeve, and an exclamation of surprise and delight, roused him from his reveries. He looked up to see Jane running toward two figures which had emerged from behind a bank of ferns.

"Well, what's up now," he muttered to himself as he made an attempt at following. Then he again stopped short: "Well, I declare—it's Helen."

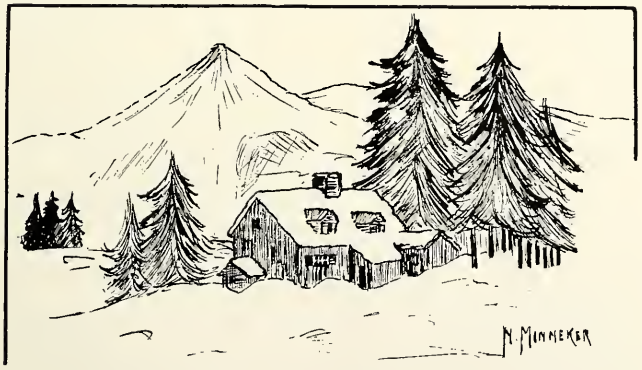
It some state of confusion and bewilderment he met Mr. Rogers from Philadelphia, and Jane learned to know Miss Launsbury. But just then some one drew aside the curtains of the dance hall, and a veritable garden of roses met their eager eyes.

The orchestra struck up the first strains for the opening dance. In some miraculously natural way, Forrest and Helen led the way in, followed by Jane and Burdette, while the crowd smiled, looked happy and came in after them.

* * * * * * * * * *

"Well, Castleton," said one of the fellows to Forrest, after everything was over, "this has been what I call great! Imagine a corresponding occasion some four years hence!"

"I'll agree on the first statement," came the reply, "but please, man, let me live in the present just now. A similar affair in College couldn't be less complicated, and since I've managed to get through this, I've decided that I've trusted the future, and haphazard luck, with about as much as it can stand. In other words,—I've reached my Speed Limit, along that line, for the present. Good night!"





CLASS PROPHECY

WALTER MCKAY -14

By Henrietta Mac Kinnon.

SEVERAL years after graduating from Old Central, I had occasion to travel to distant lands and did not again see my native city for a long period of time. I had encountered several of my friends in the course of my travels. At Bagdad, wishing to gain some necessary information, I went to the U. S. Consulate. Imagine my surprise at finding my classmate and friend, Forrest Heckman installed there. Completely forgetting my urgent errand, we sat and talked over the old days at Central, and I learned many things of interest about the pupils of whom I had thought so often.

"Why," said Forrest, "You have no idea what an advance Woman Suffrage has made in your home city. One of our classmates, Alan Schaefer, has been completely won over to the cause and carries the banner proudly in their processions. Two or three other strong sympathizers are Corinne Dunham, Vera Bacome, and Luella Durrant. I have only been here about half a year, but before I left, the city was on a fair road to being a model metropolis, for a general clean-up campaign, moral as well as physical, was being relentlessly carried on by Noble Jones, Chief of Police, and the Mayor, John Kuhns. They are waging war against drink and gambling in all their forms. You probaby remember Winifred Russell? She is now a missionary in Patagonia and is doing a wonderful work among the uncivilized tribes there. You'll be surprised to hear that Marion Mersereau has become a most fanatical kind of a hermit. You know he was sadly disappointed in love and he has betaken himself to the woods to live the remainder of his life in solitude and meditation."

After we had talked some time longer, I reluctantly took leave of him.

A week or so later I found myself in Naples, intending to sail for home the next day. As I was strolling along, deeply interested in the motley throng that surged through the busy section of the city, a carriage came by. In it sat a lady, who glanced at me as she passed, and I was surprised to recognize a very familiar face; although how my old classmate, Margaret Moylan, happened to be driving through Naples at that time I could not imagine. She stopped and beckoned to me. I immediately asked how she came to be there, and, smiling, she said that the year before she had married an Italian Count and that they had a lovely Summer villa just outside of Naples. I then urged her to tell me of the things that had happened during the past years at home. "You remember Dema Canfield," she began; "she is now at the head of a matrimonial bureau, through the agency of which many uncongenial couples have been united in marriage. Alice Luethi has taken the place in the Blade of Laura Jean Libbey, and daily settles the tangled love affairs of any number of desperate young lovers. Hildegarde Young is society editress of the paper; Walter Schneider, the editor-in-chief, and Dorothy Grover makes a splendid sporting editress. Minnie Redding is a beauty specialist, demonstrating her recipes in the large department stores owned by Lester Ketcham. Taking a tip from

his name, Clarence Rose has become a far-famed aeronaut. Ruth Quimby and Ruth Timbers are teaching with great success in an Indian school out on one of the reservations in the West. Francis Boyle is superintendent of the Miami Children's Home, and the children are said to be growing up to be model young men and women under his austere example. Lucile Friedly holds a responsible position there as head matron. Florence Long has specialized as an artistic hairdresser and is daily visited by the society belles, Misses Margaret Hood, Genevra Grover and Frances Doyle. One of our finest physicians is Florence Euright, and her assistant, John Gerber, is said to be almost as clever as herself. Gordon Conklin is the owner of a large clothing store, which is patronized only by people of modest, quiet taste."

Although I longed to hear more about my friends, it was getting late and I was forced to tear myself away and prepare for my next day's voyage.

Upon arriving in New York, I went straight to a hotel, and as I was registering I noticed a rather familiar name which had been written just before mine, that of Mr. Hermon Doying. Upon inquiring about him, I learned that he was a popular matinee idol in a prominent theatrical company, playing at one of the large theatres. Later in the evening I observed him at dinner with a charmingly dressed lady whom, after closer scrutiny, turned out to be Coral Powers. I crossed over and renewed my acquaintance with them and was informed that Coral was an actress in the same company, playing only in the emotional roles. In talking with them I was delighted to hear something further about my classmates—that John Trautwein had become a noted scientist; that Burleigh Gifford had developed into a sturdy farmer, owning many hundreds of acres out west and being ably assisted by Henry Brand; that Bertha Zeeb was the wife of the minister in one of the large churches in Chicago; that Leon Bowers had fallen asleep while directing the Newsboys' Band one evening, which plainly showed that even the crash of their instruments was ineffective against his natural inclinations. Here Hermon interposed and stated that there should have been a third party with them that evening, Leslie McKay, the noted tragedian; he also said that two of the chorus girls in their company were Floy Sloan and Hazel Tarloff.

"Clara Holmes," continued Coral, taking up the narrative undisturbed, "has become a trained nurse; Leonard Aue is now a traveling evangelist and Naomi Helmes is working with him as soloist in his exceedingly successful meetings. Lillian Douglas is a domestic science teacher, and Marie Higgins has become a very accomplished elocutionist. I always buy my hats of Mlle. Lenore Nevin, and really some of her creations are quite daring. Ruby Brockway has written some very popular novels. They are said to surpass even those of Robert W. Chambers."

At this point I rose to leave, and as I turned to go Hermon called out, "If you are here over Sunday, don't fail to go to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine and hear Bishop Hoyt give one of his unsurpassable sermons. This *was* a shock, although from his daily conduct we might have known he had religious aspirations.

About five days later I arrived in Toledo. As I was passing through the beautiful new Union Depot, I was rudely jostled by a man hurriedly passing by, and my valise was wrested from my grasp. He turned and, bowing politely, started to pick it up. Then, to my surprise, I heard him speak my name. On regarding his face, I exclaimed, "The same old person, rushing along unseeingly!" It was James Spafford, now Justice of the Supreme Court, hurrying to catch a train.

I should have liked very much to have stopped and talked with him, but a very familiar voice caused me turn quickly and I beheld Frederick Krieger, calling the trains in a deep, sonorous voice. I hurried over to him, and he was soon recounting many incidents of interest about my former schoolmates. He said that two people had just taken the train to Indianapolis to enter the automobile races there. "In fact," he announced, "Herbert Young and Elsa Von Ewegen have become regular speed maniacs. Elsa," he said, "is one of the first women ever admitted to the races. Mary Emily Doyle, with the vast amount of knowledge gained in extensive travel, has written a book entitled, 'Some Wild Animals I Have Met.' Christina Goorley has just submitted for publication her latest and best problem play. Mildred White and Edith Silcox are running a Home for Bachelors—that's where I live," he added. "Carlyle Roberts has become a great inventor; he has had patented any number of very intricate and thoroughly useless machines. Aaron Richardson is captain of the world's largest and fastest steamship, the 'Snail.' Ethel Atkinson and Hazel Kuehnle are settlement workers and are said to be very successful in the slums. Ross Robinson is editing the Woman's Home Companion, which has greatly increased its circulation since he has taken charge. Harold Towe is an accomplished and skillful barber. William Heitman is a noted mathematician and has successfully constructed a triangle with but two sides and drawn a circle without a circumference—two things which will undoubtedly be of endless value to pupils now at High. Raymond Moening has become a far-famed lawyer, and does not attempt to prove any one innocent until he knows positively that he is guilty." Here he stopped perforce, for a number of people were besieging him to know when this or that train was to leave, so I moved off and went in search of a car.

Outside the door I was met by the familiar cry of "Get your baggage checked here!" I turned and beheld the familiar figure of Archie Wight. He was dangling a bunch of checks and calling out loudly to the crowds issuing from the depot. On the car I sat next to a richly dressed lady, who presently turned and said, "Pardon me, but aren't you an old schoolmate of mine?" I instantly recognized her. "Why, I believe it's Doris Cangney!" I exclaimed. "Not Cangney," she said, smiling; "I've been married several times since we last saw each other. My first three husbands died, but my last one divorced me for the shallow reason that I cared more for my poodle dog than I did for him. I've just been reading a book written by Sanford Price on 'The Literary Value of the Mother Goose Rhymes.' Myrtle Folker was caterer at my last wedding and also at that of Velma Weaver and Rockefeller's grandson; it was quite a society affair. Last night I attended the Horse Show in Detroit. One of the noted equestriennes there was Helen Raab and I was delighted with the graceful way she rode her beautiful mount. Esther Severinghaus is at the head of the beautiful seminary for select young ladies that has been built on the river near Perrysburg. Gretchen Carvin is teaching French there and Lena Scott has charge of the embroidery department. The curriculum is especially adapted to fit the young ladies for the practical things in life." Our conversation was interrupted at this point by Doris's having reached her destination.

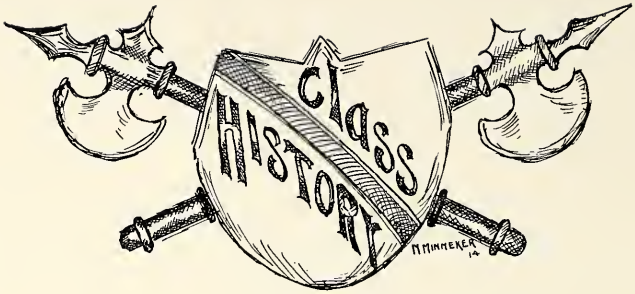
As I proceeded utpown I noticed many new buildings; the name of one business concern interested me greatly, for it was Roth & Co., Wholesale Grocers. The "& Co." part of it, I afterwards found out, comprised his wife, who was formerly Miss Helen Rydman, and upon entering the place, I discovered her sitting upon a high stool, busily figuring the accounts of the

day. As we talked she made plans for a visit to the new High School the next morning, where she said I would find many of my former friends installed. As I came out of the store I heard sweet(?) strains of music and perceived that they were coming from a German band standing on the corner. A second look showed me that Leo Kietzman was the efficient leader. The next day Helen and I started out. The first person to greet us as we entered the office, was Catherine Gaffney, who was now acting in the capacity of Office Girl. In charge of the Physics Laboratory we found a young lady whom I recognized as Anna Myers. While talking with her, I learned that Ruby Danforth was physical director of the schools; the Freshman study room, she said, was presided over with great dignity and sternness by Howard Harpst, who also taught psychology. In the Domestic Science department we found two capable teachers: Louise Hoyt in charge of the cooking department and Ethel Fedderson in charge of the dressmaking. Madeleine Janney, who was teaching German, was spoken of as one of the finest teachers ever at High.

In the evening paper I read that Velma Zimmerman, after making a careful study of the subject for years, had written a lengthy volume on Biology. This work had been bitterly assailed and severely criticized by the noted literary critic of the time, Arthur Weber, who never failed to attack anything perfect, or to present any number of unreasonable and obscure arguments.

On the same page I noticed a neat, attractive advertisement, announcing the fact that Arthur Graves, Undertaker, always did prompt and efficient work; and next to this was another which read, "Norman Minneker, Pawn Broker."

On the first page was the interesting announcement that there would be a very important article in the next edition, by Glen Crawford, on "Cats; Their Care and Treatment." It also stated that he had made a searching and earnest study of this fascinating subject. As I turned the leaves still another advertisement caught my eye: "Academy of Dancing. Carl Ruch and Ezra Bauer, Proprietors. Our special feature is Miss Dorothy Rhoades, who teaches æsthetic dancing." A commotion outside caused me to rush to the window. There stood a policeman, gingerly holding what appeared to be a bomb; crouching on the sidewalk was a man with a grind-organ, and on his shoulder perched a timid, frightened looking monkey with a cup of coins in his paws. I could not be mistaken—it was undoubtedly Neil Silliman. Near by, two other policemen were holding a struggling man. I heard the term "anarchist," and looking at him, recognized Isadore Mehlman. He was stating loudly that he was acting according to his conscience and beliefs, and used this unusual and somewhat original means of ridding society of this useless member, who, living upon the bounty of other credulous people, swindles the poor laboring man, overworks and mistreats a poor, dumb animal. The poor man's friends, etc., etc. There must have been much more, but I was unfortunately deprived of the pleasure of hearing it, for the strain of the startling disclosures of the last few months had been too much—I was ill with brain fever for weeks.



By John E. Trautwein

THERE was great commotion and confusion on that eventful day. Anxiety filled the hearts and somewhat of a nervous fear affected each individual. But pride urged us on, allowing nothing to interfere, and we boarded that masterly ship, which was destined for the isle of knowledge, with the determination to prepare ourselves for the future.

What a strange crowd seemed to fill the boat! How very, very many were unkonwn to us and how difficult it felt, to mingle and become friendly! Had it not been for our own few chums, we would never have mustered the courage to proceed onward, no matter how much others who finished the journey safely before, had filled us with high hopes and expectations. In the dark and hidden corners of the boat we could distinguish some downcast, hopeless-looking individuals who were taking that voyage for a second, and perhaps a third time. To them nothing appeared attractive; no bright and cheerful hopes seemed present, but a meaningless look prevailed, as if to say, "We're here because we are."

On that bright September day the sky was clear and a light, refreshing breeze blowing. However, something was alarming and disturbing the higher authorities. What could it be? All waited anxiously to see, and they were suddenly satisfied as to the cause. We were within sight of the isle and could catch a first glimpse of the main building on the future home.

Suddenly the sun was lost to view behind dark clouds, the wind began to howl around the ship and great waves washed up over the decks. "So near our destination and still so far from safety," was uppermost in our minds. But those voyagers who knew the storms of former trips calmly awaited the results. This tempest at sea was a great beginning for "us poor little Freshies," for that's what they called beginners, although we didn't know the reason.

Soon the waves seemed to double in size, the wind's velocity was greatly increased, and under this great force, our boat, which at the beginning of the trip seemed so portly, could no longer stand the strain. A sudden jar, a great creaking and crashing, and it was wrecked.

We were separated in two divisions, and little by little, drifted from each other. How dismal everything looked, and how helpless all were! Soon we could no longer hear our comrades who had been left on the other part of the boat; for they had drifted far away and were lost to us. Then, of a sudden, a huge wave seemed to cast us up, and without any idea as to our fate, we were fortunately washed into a large room in a large building. Immediately the storm subsided, the spell seemed broken, and the light be-

came so intense as to reveal a verdant spot. It was numbered "40," and everything was green. Ah, that was a peculiar impression, our first sight of the Toledo High School.

We were soon taken into "the kind and loving hands of our dear teachers," and received much care and attention from them. One of our first battles was "schedules." How were we to understand such a system? But perseverance earned us the name of being an unusually intelligent aggregation. Bright hopes for our future!

Days passed, and by and by each one began to investigate into the mysteries which seemed to surround the place, although not without fear that he be caught doing something which was not allowed. One spot, especially, seemed attractive. We were still children; hence the lunch room was a favorite resort. Then we were put to work by those loving, guiding teachers(?). Grind, grind, grind. Latin, Algebra and German were very monotonous courses to travel, but by constant nagging and coaxing, we were soon ready to receive some credentials as to our standing.

And that first card!!! All A's? Ah, yes! Of course B's and C's were acceptable, but D's were seldom found. Our teachers were so proud of us that we could endure anything they might demand.

And so farewell to that green and guileless year of our lives! Gone forever are those days when "x" and "y" befogged the atmosphere with their misty radicals, equations, problems and fractions. Vanished have those endless declensions and conjugations of foreign words. Covered with dust or reduced to ashes are the crude themes written in the days of our innocence. Neglected and forgotten are those wonderful drawings made in the Physiological laboratory.

Soon each found more work to encounter, and it was not until the Sophomore year that we realized what an honor it was to have schoolmates lower than ourselves. At this time we discovered something that had previously escaped our attention. On the ground floor there was a room filled with books and with the best furniture and fixtures. The long tables and the comfortable surroundings were in direct contrast to the stiff chairs and desks to which we had been accustomed. It was also discovered that by simply signing a paper, one could spend happy moments down there. By doing our regular studying outside of school the alloted study hours could be spent in that pleasant room, reading the nice books and looking at the interesting pictures.

It was also during this year that we first united as a class in pushing through a school activity. Mr. Oley Speaks gave a song recital, and to have made this a success, no little credit is due the Sophomores, guided by their prudent leader, Mr. Travis.

But somehow, we were not enjoying the good times the Juniors and Seniors were having; so some began to be discouraged and tired, and fell out of line. Also, when the time did come for crossing the hall, and going from "16" to "17," some, sorry to say, had to spend another year in "16." It was here that our numbers began to decrease.

But when the rest of us were ready for our Junior year, new class spirit, new enthusiasm, seemed to fill our midst, and certainly Miss Caughey, who was to be our guide, had no small part in bringing this about. We now began to mingle work and play, but fortunately, the former was not neglected for the latter.

The first great event was the "Junior Hop," an unqualified success in every way, and something of which we are still very proud.

By the time the midwinter examinations took place, some new facts were brought to light. We received news from the other side of the river, and much to our surprise, found right in our midst some of those same shipmates who, after the storm on that first fearful voyage, had drifted apart to another shore. We began to realize that there was an East Side, and that it was a thrifty, progressive community. But how were we to work together as a unit class? Let Father Time manage that.

Soon after, elaborate preparations were made for entertaining our parents. With what dignity were the mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, aunts, uncles and all, introduced to our teachers dear, at that memorable reception given for them! However, it was not like us to make the affair formal and stilted, for a county fair was held. We learned our futures at the gypsy camp and heard the village gossip at the grocery store. But the wonder of the evening was the sideshow. "Right this way! Show will begin in five minutes! Come in and see the Oriental magical wonders! The den of mystery!" Surely all who entered the annex that evening enjoyed the entertainment.

With June in sight and with grade cards for the first ten weeks at hand, the wise course seemed to be, "Absorb all that you can," and this we tried to do. But inevitably some received a C or D occasionally, which was rather discouraging. However, we soon recovered from the effects of such trifles.

At last something definite was known about a new High School and our class was called upon to help dedicate "Scott." It required practice, but we furnished the usual class spirit, and as far as our part was concerned, the affair was a success.

But now, with a new building, larger than old Central, with many more conveniences and luxuries, what would naturally follow? As Seniors we were to separate, some to go to Scott and some to remain at Central. News again from across the river. A union was at hand. Our frail ship, tempest-tossed at the beginning of our High School career, was to be remodeled and rebuilt. Those voyagers who had been separated from us were to return to complete the struggle for knowledge. Little cared we now about those called to the new building, for with such a reinforcement we would undoubtedly succeed. The new leader immediately gained a high place in our hearts, and won much respect by his unfailing and untiring efforts in our behalf.

Organization was now effected. And what class ever selected a more faithful and efficient set of officers than ours? Then plans were made for some play to rest us from the work which was getting so very arduous. The first party at the Maumee River Yacht Club was by no means a dismal failure, but a proof of the truth of our motto, "We can if it can be done."

It was at this time that our esteemed principal had a most disagreeable dream. He was seated in his office just after the close of the singing period. The classes were all busy with their recitations and the study rooms were models of industry. Suddenly he heard a strange sound in the distance which resembled the bray of a donkey. Then, a few minutes later, it became intensified and seemed like the hissing of numerous geese. Out he rushed into the hall and was confronted by a line of boys with rags tied around their heads. At first he thought they might have escaped from the asylum but soon he recognized some familiar faces. Then this mighty throng marched through his peaceful building and carried many of our number with them. He dreamt that the culprits were assembled in Room 17 and assorted

according to classes. In the outer row were seated the honored (?) Seniors. When he glanced at this section and recognized the faces, the shock awoke him. But what gave him such a surprise? Why, he saw among that bashful crowd the best-behaved, burliest boy of the school.

The wintry days were fast approaching, and we were cramming for another set of examinations. But a very unfortunate thing took place. Contagion of a very disagreeable nature broke out in the community, and much to our disappointment and disgust(?), a special vacation was thrust upon us. Then when we were all ready to settle down for a last semester's work, some who had finished their required courses in January were ready to leave our boat and walk down the gangplank onto the wharf of the future. Which boat to take next? That was their perplexing problem. Thus again our number decreased.

We were, however, becoming more friendly and intimate, and after another party, were again ready to do our best in our studies, to complete our courses with our very best work. Not to graduate now would mean disgrace, and with this in mind, all earnestly and sincerely concentrated their efforts on the task at hand.

A little over two months before graduation, when the work was almost finished, Death entered our ranks and carried away one of our fairest and dearest flowers. Every heart went out in sympathy to the mother of Marie Metzger on that sad day and the class of 1914 did all that was possible to show the sorrow it felt. Although she is gone forever her memory and sweet character will not be forgotten.

So in the midst of sorrow we planned our final ceremonies. With respect to the banquet our course was wise and prudent. Let each one decide whether that was not a delightful affair. Then, too, our class day was an enjoyable outing. Such a good time comes but once in a great stretch of years. That ride, those lunch baskets, and that afternoon!

But best of all is a scene to follow. Picture, if you will, a well-filled auditorium. On the stage are seated a crowd of young men and women, faces beaming, eyes sparkling, and yet present, a look of dignity and wisdom. See, in their hands the sheepskins, the long-sought credentials, which money cannot buy, and imagine, if you can, the feeling of pride and satisfaction that is filling their hearts.

To graduate is but a form. To have in the storehouse of the brain an education which can be put to practical use, which was well earned and well learned, is a much greater victory. Hear the music; how it echoes through the place! But soon it will cease. Then we will pack up and prepare for the departure. The whistles will blow, the bells will ring, and our boat will push out once more to a greater sea—the ocean of our futures.

It is the duty of each one to make his life count for something, whether it be in the business world or in private life. "All aboard." It's the voice of our president. "Nine 'rahs for Mr. Gayman," and the yell-master appears. A mighty, swelling response echoes loudly for an extended time. "Three cheers for our leader, Mr. Mathias." Another shout of equal volume and quality. "Now hail Alma Mater," and we're off. Where to? This you must decide.

JUNIOR





JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS.

HUGH BARTLEY.....died Nov. 22. 1952.....*President*

TESSIE TRUDEAU.....died.....*Vice President*

GLADYS DOANE.....*Secretary*

HAROLD HAMMEREL died.....*Treasurer*

H. EARL TRAUTWEIN.....died.....*Sergeant-at-Arms*






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Class of 1915

1 Abell, Sterling
2 Armstrong, Helen
2 Atkinson, Marie
4 Axel, Agnes
5 Baer, Clarence
6 Bailey, Wm.
7 Ballard, Barbara
8 Barrett, Tyler
9 Bartley, Hugh
10 Baur, Mildred
11 Bausch, Esther
12 Berry, Izair
13 Bitter, Dorothy
14 Bitter, Raymond
15 Bolton, Ivan
16 Borchardt, Lydia
17 Born, Lucile
18 Bowers, Malcolm
19 Bristol, Alice
20 Butler, Donald
21 Canfield, Marie
22 Chambers, Clare
23 Chapman, Frederick
24 Christmann, Leonard
25 Clabaugh, Gerald
26 Cordill, Emily
27 Cowell, Mildred
28 Dancer, Wayne
29 David, Anna
30 Delbert, Lisle
31 Doane, Gladys
32 Eells, Milton
33 Elliott, William
34 Feerer, Dorothy
35 Fisher, Richard
36 Friedly, Gladys
37 Gerber, Henry
38 Graves, Esther
39 Greiner, Ruth
40 Griggs, Lura
41 Hammerel, Harold
42 Helbing, Susie
43 Henning, Abe
44 Herman, Thirza
45 Hofman, Alvin
46 Hook, Robert
47 Hopkins, Nellie
48 Howe, Charlotte
49 Johnson, Harvey
50 Kachenmeister, Melvin
51 Kaminsky, Louis
52 Ketcham, Arthur
53 Kuhns, William
54 Lange, Frank
55 Lechner, Verne
56 Legron, Kenneth
57 Long, Selma
58 MacPhie, Frank
59 McCullough, Audrey
60 McGill, Ethelyn
61 McKay, Walter
62 McTigue, Alice
63 Materny, Steven
64 Meeker, Mae
65 Mersereau, Dale
66 Miner, Ben
67 Morgan, Harold
68 Mueller, Richard
69 Nagelbrecher, Norman
70 Needham, Helen
71 Olds, Rolin
72 Palmer, Deloss
73 Park, Harley
74 Podolsky, Louis
75 Price, Isabelle
76 Rich, Eugene
77 Rogers, Waldo
78 Rogers, Wayne
79 Roller, Lawrence
80 Roth, Milton
81 Scharer, Ruth
82 Schneider, Norman
83 Schoonmaker, Irene
84 Schuchman, Louise
85 Schwertzler, Anna
86 Shapiro, Eva
87 Shasteen, Gail
88 Simon, Herbert
89 Slaybaugh, Alma
90 Smith, Howard
91 Smith, Marvel
92 Speer, Errett
93 Spencer, Frank
94 Stalker, Norman
95 Thomas, Phyllis
96 Thompson, Marion
97 Trautwein, Earl
98 Trudeau, Tessie
99 Tucker, William
100 Van Gorder, Claire
101 Vinton, Edward
102 Vinton, May
103 Vinton, Ray
104 Wagner, Helen
105 Waldruff, Eldred
106 Ware, Mildred
107 Weaver, Esther
108 Weaver, Harry
109 Wenzler, Agnes
110 Werner, Adelia
111 Wisler, Cecil
112 Yaecker, Henry
113 Zimmerman, Ruth

Barber, Bernard
Beller, Mildred
Benster, Ollienna
Brown, Hazel
Confer, Wealthy
Eager, Helen
Findlay, Susan
Freedman, Irving
Gogel, William
Greiner, Wanda
Helms, Blake
Johnson, Ruby
Jones, Franchon
Kellogg, Dorothy
Kirchenbauer, Bertha
Lorimer, Beatrice
Madson, Sylvia
Matthews, Edmuns
Meader, Lysle
Newbirt, Howard
Pickens, Harold
Pinkley, Mildred
Robeson, Shelbourne
Steele, Leola
Stocking, Gladys
Stoll, Arthur
Strong, Zerah
Thayer, Russel
Weeman, Natalie
Wight, Merritt
Winslow, Bertha

Frank MacPhie married Claire Van Gorder
Wayne Rogers married Alice Sullivan
Harley Park married Georgina Casey
Wealthy Confer married Albert
Norman Nagelbrecher married Helen


SOPHMORES
CMA



Geneviève
Bakeil Cousin


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Norma McP

Hobart Millett

Germain Hazelbrake

Ruth Nunn Steinem

Lester Osgood

Elsie Roge



Mary Trotter - Br. Quebec



Class of 1916

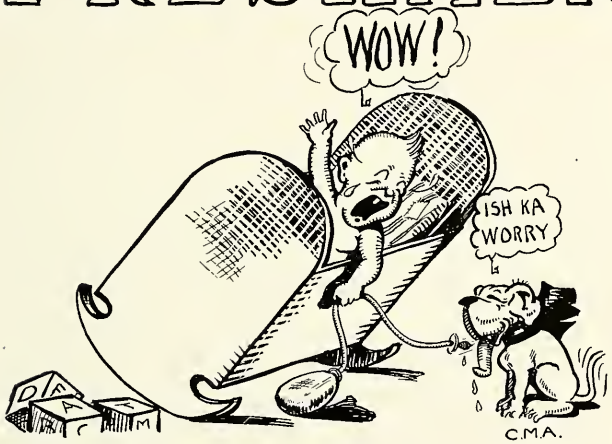
1. Abbenzeller, Walter
2. Adkins, Edwin
3. Ahrendt, Reinhold
4. Ayling, Wellesley
5. Bates, Wesley
6. Bauman, Charles
7. Bay, Rolland
8. Behrens, Arnold
9. Bennett, Byron
10. Best, Lawrence
11. Black, Florence
12. Blubaugh, Elmer
13. Brown, Weston
14. Bumgardner, Mildred
15. Calcamuggio, Carl
16. Canright, Dorothy
17. Carley, Urmah
18. Cassidy, Beulah
19. Caufliel, Lowell
20. Collins, Loraine
21. Conard, Harvey
22. Conard, Wilma
23. Cornish, Persis
24. Curson, Auria
25. Dale, Lillian
26. DeHaven, Francis
27. Deimling, Clark
28. DeShetler, Richard
29. Doying, Wilbur
30. Dreyer, Alberta
31. Durbin, Eunice
32. Durbin, Stanley
33. Ehrle, John
34. Elliot, Lisle
35. Eriksen, Arnold
36. Fearing, Lois
37. Feerer, Eva
38. Frazier, Secor
39. Gasser, Mary
40. Gillette, Ethel
41. Green, Leola
42. Griffeth, Inza
43. Griffin, Dorothy
44. Hale, Esther
45. Hamel, Marie
46. Harpst, Alice
47. Havinghurst, Beatrice
48. Haynes, Beatrice
49. Helms, Ralph
50. Henry, Waldo
51. Jacob, Gladys
52. James, Clara
53. Keller, Theodore
54. Kelley, Alta
55. Kendall, Dorothy
56. King, Ned
57. Kirk, Theodore
58. Knorr, Glen
59. Kortheuer, Margaret
60. Kuhr, Laura
61. Legron, Vesta
62. Leinweber, Catherine
63. Levy, Mollie
64. Libby, Marie
65. Lucke, Ralph
66. McCauley, Walter
67. McCrory, Kenneth
68. McCullen, Florence
69. McNitt, David
70. MacPhie, Norma
71. Mallet, Hobart
72. Moag, Gladys
73. Morrow, Lester
74. Muttart, Mabelle
75. Nagelbrecker, Germain
76. Nagle, Rollin
77. Nellis, Louis
78. Nesper, Erwin
79. Nuneviller, Ruth married Dec Steinem
80. O'Donnell, Arthur
81. Osgood, Lester
82. Paris, Philip
83. Pheatt, Geralda
84. Plumadore, Myrtle
85. Powlesland, Cecil
86. Reinhart, Bruce
87. Richardson, Margaret
88. Rideout, Carl
89. Roach, Floyd
90. Rogers, Elsie

91. Rooney, Marie
92. Ross, Gladys
93. Sabin, Kenneth
94. Schick, Donelda
95. Schoonmaker, Helen
96. Severs, Agnes
97. Shafer, Margaret
98. Shoemaker, Dollie
99. Sipe, Oral
100. Skeldon, Harold
101. Sloan, Lida
102. Smalley, Saran
103. Smith, Hazel
104. Smith, Leon
105. Stirling, Paul
106. Stock, Helen
107. Stocking, Helen
108. Strub, Eleanor
109. Sullivan, Alice
110. Travis, Augusta
111. Trotter, May
112. Von Ewegen, Ora
113. Wahl, Leona
114. Ward, Ella
115. Washburn, Helen
116. Weber, Karl
117. Welch, Shirley
118. White, Doris
119. White, Perry
120. Whitney, Roy
121. Wickenden, Dorothy
122. Wilkins, Kenneth
123. Williamson, Arthur
124. Wilson, Marie
125. Wolfe, Ethel
126. Yeagle, Gladys
127. Yount, Hubert
128. Eckerle, John
129. Ott, Emmalyn
130. Werner, Maude

Agler, Claudine
Anderson, Mabel
Anderson, Pearl
Andrews, Gwendolyn
Andrews, Paul
Bach, Erva
Baer, Minnie
Beckett, Addie
Berry, Hyatt
Betz, Carl
Borgelt, Maybelle
Brown, Russell
Buck, Harold
Buehler, Harold
Bumgardner, Mildred
Chambers, Muriel
Clark, Fay
Comes, Lawrence
Conold, Freda
Crane, Mary
Decker, Donald
Dow, Jennings
Du Mont, Susan
Duvall, Mildred
Foster, Clarence
Frautschi, Cecil
Grodi, John
Gross, Prentice
Hartman, Richard
Heck, Earl
Himelfarb, Hattie
Hofner, Amelia
Holst, Spencer
Hood, Esther
Josenhaus, George
Kaplan, Jeannette
Keller, Arthur
Kindervater, James
Kinney, Clifford
Klinksick, Alma
Kochanowski, Grace
Lerche, Louise
Levey, Ruby
Levy, Harry
Lewis, Mabel
Libby, Marie
Mallendick, Esther
Manley, John
Minneker, Raymond
Morgan, Charles
Mortemore, Pearl
Muttart, Mabelle
Newbury, Norman
Osgood, Ruth
Packer, Edward
Raab, Estner
Reisbach, George
Reisch, Hazel
Rendley, Albert
Renn, Harry
Robinson, Leon
Roether, Helen
Rohrbacher, Irwin
Sawyer, John
Scheufler, Karl
Schoenrock, Sophie
Scott, Ruth
Shay, Gladys
Shunck, Louis
Sieving, Dorothea
Slintz, Lucinda
Smith, Harry
Smith, John
Sparling, Louise
Spielman, Elsie
Stankard, Katherine
Stark, Morris
Stocker, Leola
Tea, Beatrice
Textor, Harold
Thebes, Claude
Usher, Edward
Vick, Bernie
Walker, Katherine
Warner, Alice

May Trotter married Howard St. Aubin

FRESHMEN




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Class of 1917

1. Alexander, Harriet
2. Anderson, Clarice
3. Austin, Sarah
4. Ballmer, Perry
5. Barnes, Mildred
6. Barrett, Clifford
7. Baur, Robert
8. Bausch, Hortense
9. Beaudry, Emily
10. Beck, Esther
11. Beck, Luella
12. Benien, Bertha
13. Beyer, Arthur
14. Beyer, Frederick
15. Bixley, Marie
16. Bitter, Clara Louise
17. Boddy, Helen
18. Bodenmiller, Amelia
19. Brandel, Victor
20. Breier, Walter
21. Brown, Clyde
22. Brown, Loretta
23. Bruning, Henry
24. Buck, Arthur
25. Bunting, Dorotny
26. Burket, Paul
27. Campbell, Mildred
28. Canright, Joyce
29. Carey, Maude
30. Carter, Harry
31. Christman, Laura
32. Clark, Kathryn
33. Collett, Ruth
34. Collingwood, Doris
35. Compton, Russell
36. Coukling, Harold
37. Coombs, Inez
38. Cooper, Sylvia
39. Corbett, Ruth
40. Corns, Clyde
41. Costigan, Angela
42. Cottrell, Wilson
43. Coy, Amy
44. Coy, Dewey
45. Coy, Mabel
46. Cramer, Olin
47. Crannell, Everett
48. Crawford, John
49. Crofts, Elizabeth
50. Crouse, Georgia
51. Curtis, Ruth
52. Darr, Ray
53. Davis, Lucy
54. Deacon, Hazel
55. Deacon, William
56. Denniston, George
57. Doyle, James
58. Drury, Beatrice
59. English, Alverta
60. Farling, Squires
61. Feak Leah
62. Fellabaum, Gladys
63. Fisher, Eugene
64. Fisher, Norman
65. Fitkin, Charity
66. Fox, Marian
67. Frankfurt, Harold
68. Frazier, Bernard
69. Fuire, Lillian
70. Garner, Bessie
71. Geiner, Hazel
72. Gfeller, Norma
73. Good, Howard
74. Grasser, Violet
75. Gray, Augusta
76. Green, Julian
77. Griffin, Isabelle
78. Griggs, Marian
79. Gross, Clara
80. Grotsky, E. R.
81. Hall, Zelma
82. Heininger, Ralph
83. Heitman, Dora
84. Herringshaw, Donald
85. Higbie, Merritt
86. Hires, Fred
87. Hobe, Loretta

88. Hoffman, Lucile
89. Hoffman, Velma
90. Hoover, Harper
91. Hotz, Helen
92. Johnson, Carl W.
93. Jones, Alice
94. Jorris, Aletta
95. Jorris, Herbert
96. Kapff, Karl
97. Keck, Robert
98. Kesler, Harold
99. Ketcham, Helen
100. Kieffer, Dale
101. Koehl, Miriam
102. Koester, Marian
103. Kotts, Donald
104. Krieger, John
105. Kuhmann, Elizabeth
106. Lang, Chang
107. Lary, Ethel
108. Lee, Lucile
109. Lee, Russell
110. Leech, Ruth
111. Lim, Wai
112. Lohfink, Marie
113. Ludwig, Nelda
114. McBride, Earl
115. McInnes, Josephine
116. McNerney, Marvin
117. Mack, Florence
118. Manahan, Gertrude
119. Marcha, Ralph
120. Mathews, Pearl
121. Mehlman Sadie
122. Menold, Helene
123. Merchant, Pearl
124. Miller, Gladys
125. Miller, Harold
126. Miller, John
127. Moore, William
128. Mulinix, Sophia
129. Myers, Helen
130. Myers, Thelma
131. Nagel, Mildred
132. Neal, Gertrude
133. Neff, Harold
134. Neiswander, Marie
135. Newman, Percy
136. Noffke, Elizabeth
137. Olds, Arthur
138. Paris, Fannie
139. Paulucci, Joseph
140. Pelton, Almira
141. Petterson, Marie
142. Pheley, Donal
143. Pike, George
144. Post, Helen
145. Potter, Burton
146. Powell, Harry
147. Rauch, Gertrude
148. Rice, Catherine
149. Riddle, Courtland
150. Robson, Wilhelmine
151. Roper, Annie
152. Roper, Frank
153. Ross, Marian
154. Ruppel, Edgar
155. Samberg, Arnold
156. Samsen, William
157. Savill, Alice
158. Scharbach, Gladys
159. Scherff, Walda
160. Schenrer, Grace
161. Schlageter, Albert
162. Severinghaus, Leslie
163. Severence, Melvin
164. Severs, Claude
165. Shafer, Zelma
166. Shanahan, Gertrude
167. Shantean, Charles L.
168. Shepherst, Alan
169. Sievert, Gertrude
170. Slick, Jeanette
171. Soncrant, Joseph
172. Sprague, Ketha
173. Spring, Marshall
174. Steele, Mabel
175. Storey, Darwin
176. Stritmatter, Frank
177. Ten Eyck, Nina
178. Van Dusen, Lorna
179. Van Hoesen, Harry
180. Vermaas, Gracia
181. Von Ewegen, Herbert
182. Voss, David
183. Walker, Mary
184. Walker, Minnie
185. Warrener, Ethel
186. Weaver, Esther
187. Webb, Clayton
188. Weichel, Marie
189. Whitney, Ralph
190. Willits, Grace
191. Wilson, Melville
192. Winebrenner, Dane
193. Winkle, Lloyd

BOYS

Albert, Glenwood
Ayers, Bertie
Ballard, William
Barnd, Carl
Barnes, Ross
Bellner, Joseph
Bender, John
Berkman, Philip
Beyer, Edward
Black, Glenn
Bock, Elmer
Boos, William
Bowman, Schuyler
Brandt, John
Brayton, William
Bremer, Alvin
Brigham, Herman
Brown, Floyd
Brunschweiger, Adolph
Burdick, Lester
Burleigh, Mayo
Busenhart, Erwin
Claus, Harold
Clemens, Frank
Clemens, Philip
Collins, Edward
Collins, John
Commager, Roger
Cook, Elden
Corwin, Guy
Cousins, Albert
Currie, Arthur
Cushman, Robert
Daley, Norman
David, Walter
David, William
Davis, Abraham
Davis, John
Deacon, William
Dern, Otto
Dillon, Milton
Douglas, Arden
Durian, Benjamin
Dyer, Chalmer
Edelman, Samuel
Edelstein, Benjamin
Edenburn, Elmer
Ehlert, William
Ehrsam, Herbert
Farnsworth, William
Fisher, George
Forster, Carl
Foster, Merrill
Fox, George
Fredericks, Cecil
Fritz, Gordon
Fuhrer, Carl
Gary, Samuel
Geisler, Theodore
Geithman, Elmer
Godbout, Ralph
Gongwer, Gerald
Goodeman, Carl
Gross, Curtice
Gunn, Richard
Gunn, Robert
Hall, Harold
Hammond, Clarence
Hankenhof, Edward
Harpst, Earl
Hayes, Ralph
Hernley, Harold
Heuerman, Herbert
Higbie, Calvin
Hildebrand, Raymond

Hill, Howard
Hirschy, Emile
Hiss, Karl
Hitchcock, Elwood
Hogelan, Harold
Holland, Norman
Hoyer, Rodney
Hull, Paul
Hunlock, William
Huson, Robert
Jacob, Chester
Jones, Will
Keil, Clarence
Keiser, Clarence
Keller, Edward
Klewer, Alvin
Klein, George
Klosterhaus, Ralph
Knisel, Glenn
Krug, Albert
Ladd, Ralph
Lamb, Clyde
Lane, Kenneth
Lau, Clarence
Lees, Harry
Leibius, August
Lightfoot, Edward
Lockert, Charles
Lorenz, Arthur
McGowan, Harry
McCabe, Carl
McKinley, Hobart
Manley, David
Mayo, William
Meader, Kent
Meagher, Donald
Meier, Norman
Merkle, Ernest
Moore, Albert
Muir, Neil
Mygatt, Herman
Noether, Herbert
Nopper, Arnold
Null, Frederick
Osgood, Leland
Overmeier, Raymond
Pearson, Richard
Peters, Edwin
Pheils, Everett
Pittenger, Clarke
Pleiss, Clarence
Pollock, Israel
Postley, Jack
Protin, Raymond
Raab, Leo
Rayman, Louis
Reynolds, John
Ritzman, Alvin
Roberts, George
Ronfeldt, Carl
Roper, Earl
Roush, Frank
Rowe, Robert
Rudolph, Harold
Rupp, Paul
Ruswinkel, Walter
Sargent, Elmer
Schlievert, Arthur
Schneider, Harold
Schroeder, George
Schuette, Louis
Senft, Lewis
Sharpstein, Cyril
Shaver, Charles
Shaw, Robert
Sherman, Bromain
Shinbach, Samuel
Showman, Robert
Simpson, James
Smith, Ralph
Snody, Ralph
Spiess, Leland
Sprenger, Philip
Stader, Edwin
Stautzenbach, Clarence
Steele, Willard
Stephan, William
Streeter, Howard
Surprise, Arthur
Sweet, Howard
Tarloff, Arthur
Taylor, Harold
Taylor, Harry
Tucker, Robert
Turner, Virgil
Utz, Paul
Van Gorder, William
Weaver, Hyginus
Welch, Paul
Wendt, Harold
Wenzel, Bernard
Wenzel, Carl
Wieland, Fred
Williams, Elmer
Wittmann, Harold
Wright, Raymond
Wright, Sewell
Wright, William
Wuerful, Robert
Zarick, Edward
Zarick, Napoleon
Zeller, George

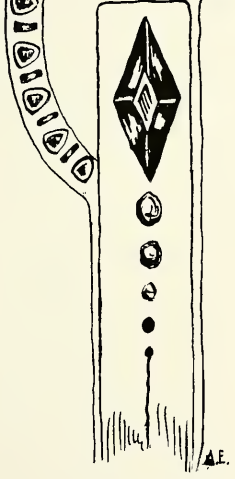
GIRLS

Alder, Helen
Baker, Ruth
Barrett, Cecil
Bartlett, Helen
Basey, Mildred
Beaudry, Cordelia
Beck, Alma
Bemis, Reeta
Bird, Elizabeth
Black, Iva
Boyle, Helen
Brandenberger, Rosina
Brock, Bernice
Brown, Lottie
Bruning, Geraldine
Byers, Clara
Cannon, Ethel
Calkins, Ada
Chappius, Anna
Chriss, Margaret
Clifford, Beatrice
Cordill, Annie
Cousins, Mary
Damm, Freda
Davenport, Marguerite
DeBree, Margaret
DeLisle, Louise
DeYo, Hazel
Diehl, Mildred
Dix, Elsie
Dixon, Ruth
Emery, Gladys
Feil, Rose
Fischer, Anna
Fouke, Eloise
Fries, Malvina
Gee, Arlene
Gillham, Beatrice
Grau, Augusta
Grau, Lillian
Hageman, Helen
Hanna, Ida
Harrison, Bessie
Haynes, Fannie
Hein, Freda
Hermann, Matilda
Hewitt, Hazel
Heyn, Ruth
Hirst, Leah
Hitchcock, Eulalie
Hoelzer, Ella
Hook, Frances
Hummel, Margaret
Jackman, Ethel
Jeron, Ethel
Kerstetter, Leona
Kieper, Cecil
Kistler, Viola
Kievit, Nellie
Klinsick, Julia
Kontrovitz, Sadie
Kopfmann, Ruth
Krakau, Ruth
Kuhlman, Esther
Leffkowitz, Minnie
Leiter, Leona
Levy, Ethel
Lewinski, Elizabeth
Lightfoot, Ruth

Lorenz, Esther
Lowis, Ruth
MacFarland, Elsie
Madson, Helen
Mapes, Irene
Matheis, Marcille
Mever, Margaret
Miller, Florence
Minneker, Margaret
Mohr, Ellen
Neiberger, Madeleine
Nichoson, Laura
Peacock, Vergie
Peet, Berneice
Phillips, Hallie
Phillips, Margaret
Pressler, Helen
Prottengier, Esther
Rahy, Esther
Ragan, Kathryn
Rake, Olea
Reuter, Anna
Riopelle, Louisa
Robbins, Murva
Ryce, Merle
Scanlon, Helen
Schlagheck, Helen
Schmitz, Florence
Schroeder, Ruth
Schwyn, Jeannette
Sloat, Ethel
Smith, Mae
Smith, Myrtle
Sperling, Anna
Spitler, Verda
Stephanz, Alvena
Stump, Charlotte
Stump, Margaret
Swinger, Frances
Tandy, Drusilla
Teilkas, Gertrude
Traub, Henrietta
Tripp, Eila
Uhley, Fanny
Updegraff, Anna
Van Wormer, Mary
Watkins, Zelma
Wege, Ruth
Wenzler, Ursula
Werner, Martha
Williamson, Nellie
Winter, Marie
Worden, Esther
Wumer, Olivette
Youle, Madeline
Zimmerman, Frances
Zimmerman, Helen


A. MINNEKER

ORGANIZATIONS



- Annual Board
- Retina Board
- Literary Societies
- Girls Bible Club
- Boys Bible Club
- Orchestra
- Public Speaking Class
- Athletic Board





OFFICERS

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FRANCIS BOYLE *Vice President*

CLARENCE L. ROSE *Treasurer*

STAFF

FRANCIS BOYLE *Editor-in-Chief*

CLARENCE L. ROSE *Business Manager*

NEIL SILLIMAN *Associate Editor*

WILLIAM KUHNS
CLARE CHAMBERS *Assistant Business Managers*

RUTH QUIMBY *Social*

MILDRED WHITE *Literary*

NORMAN MINNEKER *Art*

NOBLE JONES *Athletics*

JOHN KUHNS *Komics*


John Trautwe



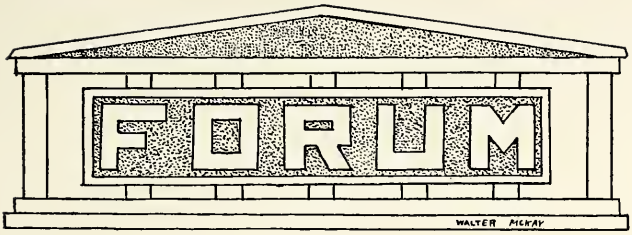
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John Trautwein.....*Locals*
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Fred Krieger, Leo Kietzman.....*Komics*
Norman Minneker, Walter McKay, Mildred Ware.....*Art*





Founded in the year 1905

Motto—Satis eloquentia sit

Colors—Black and gold

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Albert Hoyt
Leslie McKay
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Norman Stalker
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Mr. Mathias

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Founded in the year 1903
Motto—Nihil sine labore

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Louise

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Harriet Armstrong
Hazel Brown
Bertha Benien
Loretta Brown
Dorothy Bitters
Wealthy Confer
Elizabeth Crofts
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Dorothy Grover
Clara James
Dorothy Kellogg
Alta Kelly
Catherine Leinweber
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Sylvia Madson
Gladys Miller
Norma MacPhie
Nellie Hopkins
Susie Helbing
Susan DnMont

Periclean Literary Society

Founded in the year 1901

Motto—Nulli secundæ

Colors—White and gold

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GLADYS MILLER.....*Sergeant-at-Arms*



Periclean Literary Society

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Irene Schoonmaker
Louise Sparling
Hildegarde Young
Minnie Redding
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Helen Stocking
Helen Stock
Naomi Helms
Doris Caugney
Emmalyn Ott
Dorothea Sieving
Alice Luethi
Corinne Dunham
Laura Kuhr
Mildred Ware
Mildred Cowell
Hazel Geiner
Wilhelmine Robson
Marion Ross
Frances Doyle
Elsie Rogers
Marie Wilson





High School Girls'
Bible Club
Camp Fire

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ESTHER BAUSCH.....*Secretary*

RUTH TIMBERS.....*Treasurer*

EDITH MARSH.....*Pianist*

Girls' Bible Club

MEMBERS

FRESHMEN

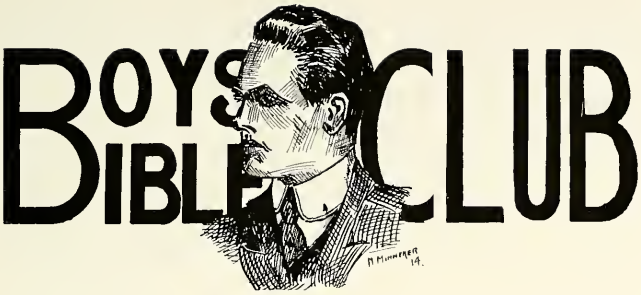
Clarice Anderson
Sarah Austin
Mildred Barnes
Cordelia Beaudry
Emily Beaudry
Marie Binley
Bernice Brock
Clara Byers
Eloise Fouke
Lillian Fuire
Dora Hirtman
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Loretta Brown - Letty
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Persis Cornish
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Catherine Leinweber
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Gertrude Sievert
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Herbert Young
Edward Vinton
William Kuhns
Herbert Simon
Harvey Johnson
Walter Schneider

Sanford Price
Wayne Rogers
Russell Thayer
William Tucker
Sterling Abell
William Bailey
Donald Butler
Leon Smith
Clare Chambers

Harold Morgan
Waldo Rogers
John Trautwein
Earl Trautwein
Ralph Marcha
Glen Crawford
Alan Shepherst
Richard Fisher
Wesley Bates



Public Speaking Class. F. J. Pavlicek, Instructor

Public Speaking

THAT there is an interest and demand by students for public speaking was indicated at the beginning of this semester by about fifty applications for membership in the class. In order to keep the number within the limit of twenty, Seniors were given first choice, and practically made up the class. The work of the semester was three-fold: a consideration of the substance out of which practical everyday speeches are made; the delivery of all kinds of original speeches from the platform; and the memorizing of standard selections.

Phillips' helpful book on *Effective Speaking* was studied and examples brought to class illustrating the principles underlying effective speaking. For example, students brought to class short extracts showing how speakers support a proposition, how they introduce their subject, how they state their aim and central idea of the speech, etc. In order to put the study into practice, each member of the class spoke about twenty-five times, in after-dinner speeches, speeches of introduction, of acceptance, memorial addresses, arguments, etc. A few short declamations were learned and delivered as a third part of the class work.

The purpose of the course throughout was to develop good, straightforward talking. A definite result was always aimed at, and a given audience was held in mind at which the speakers directed their speeches. The instructor of the class feels that his work will be repaid if, after graduation, the students will try to put into practice what they studied in the class, when they are called on to speak in public in the real work of the world.

FRANK J. PAVLICEK.



Athletic Board

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ARTHUR GRAVES.....*Vice President*
HAROLD TOWE. married. Lucy Harris.....*Secretary*
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EUGENE WRIGHT.....*Vice President*

MALCOMB SMITH.....*Secretary*

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LEONARD AUE.....*Librarian*

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First Violins
- Milton Netter
- Archibald MacNichol
- Eric Stahl
- Malcolm Smith
- Tyler Eaton
- Arthur Stockdale
- Emery Elkington
- Israel Pollock
- Herbert Joyce
- Carl Method
- Rollin Nagel

Cellos
- Harold Rudolph
- Harold Crook
- Fred Rickey
- George Stahl

Flute
- Eugene Wright

Clarinets
- Robert Cushman
- Charles Dickey
- Clarence Harpse

Piano
- Ralph Boice

Second Violins
- Leonard Aue
- Louis Podos
- Roy Gindy
- Harry Whitaker
- Clark Pittinger
- Donald Wregg
- William Goode
- Ronald Emch
- Edmond Matthews
- Walter Riess
- Clifford Barcheut
- Demeter Colchagoff

Cornets
- Conrad Netter
- Malcolm Bowers
- Willard Adams
- Lyle Lewis
- Blake Helms

Trombones
- Maltie Brown
- Leon Bowers
- Raymond Wright

Drums
- Vernon DeLong
- Eugene Culp



The High School Orchestra

KEENLY enjoying the concord of sweet sounds which flowed to me, I sat in the Scott Auditorium recently, and watched a tall, graceful figure as she led the orchestra. And there came to me a flood of happy and tuneful recollections.

Remembering as though it were yesterday, the thoroughly enjoyable evenings when we used to meet in the old Auditorium at Central High, in rehearsals for the yearly series of concerts.

Then, the present orchestra leader, Miss Bessie Werum, was the first violin, and frequently the leader, too. And we were indeed proud of her. She was our star performer, and she had that quality of touch which makes of the violin a heart-stirring instrument. She had the quality of genius.

And what a help Mr. Loyal Curtis was, with his versatility; for his work was equally fine, both with the cello and the trombone.

I recall vividly, too, the effective booming of the big bass viol, in the competent hands of Will Worrell, now known to fame as Dr. Wm. Hoyt Worrell, the distinguished authority on Semitic Languages, and who is now traveling in Syria, doing work in Archæological Research of great importance to science and history.

With all of its merit, however, both individually and as an organization, *that* one represented such an orchestra as Scott High School has today, in embryo only.

The splendid organization which has so delighted the large audiences that have gathered to hear them, is indeed unique. An orchestra of men, with a woman for its leader.

The old orchestra had its delightful social side, in which the trip to Maumee, with the dinner and dance at the Shieley House, was an experience long to be remembered.

What a splendid time we had, and how constantly thoughtful was Miss Werum of the happiness of us all.

The spirit of *that* time is the spirit of *today;* and to that spirit the present orchestra has fallen heir.

So it has been eminently fitting to thus "hark back" to "the days that have been." Especially so, because the moving spirit then is still the same with that refined experience and ability for leadership which has made possible the splendid orchestral effects which came to me, as I sat and listened.

And all this demonstrates what can be done by patience and perseverance, hope and courage,—the ever-faithful handmaidens of genius.

Developing constantly as it now is, the work of the Scott High School Orchestra is sure to be an ever-increasing pride and a source of prestige to the reputation of the school.

Its last concert was a fitting close to a year of triumph. And the enthusiastic appreciation of the students, their families and friends, was an added success, such as life seldom gives,—a success which breeds confidence, poise, and perfection in art.

So will its progress be,—ever bringing those rich dividends of delight to its hearers, the members, and its talented leader.

SARAH D. JERMAIN.

Athletics





Basket Ball

MANAGEMENT

ARCHIE WIGHT.....*Manager*
ARTHUR GRAVES.....*Captain*
SAM MONETTA.....*Coach*

LINE-UP

HAROLD HOGELAN (SMOOT).....*Right Forward*
EDWARD PACKER.....*Left Forward*
ARTHUR GRAVES.....*Center*
CARL BARND.....*Right Guard*
NOBLE JONES.....*Left Guard*
JOHN GRODI.....*Sub-Center*

Review of Basket Ball

The basket ball team was managed by Archie Wight, who arranged a very satisfactory schedule and also made the season a financial success. The team started the season in a whirl-wind fashion, holding the Alumni to a tie score of 30 to 30 on Christmas. The Alumni team was composed of all college players. Two weeks later, on January 8, the team defeated Archbold High by a 36 to 24 count, allowing the Archbold lads only one basket in the first half. The following week the locals also went to Coldwater, Mich., and defeated the Wolverine quintet in a decisive fashion, Barndt and Jones displaying excellent skill in guarding in this game. The next game was another victory for Central over Bowling Green High; Packer and Graves were the stars in this encounter. The game of February 7 was a victory for Scott High over Central in the first Inter-High game of Toledo. The next two games were defeats at the hands of Pioneer and Napoleon Highs. Scott High again defeated Central on March 6 by a closer score than the first game. The last game was a defeat at the hands of Detroit East, the champion High team of Michigan.

The forward positions were ably filled by Packer and Smoot, although both were first-year men. Next year ought to make these men stars. The center position was filled by Capt. "Art" Graves, who was a veteran and very steady. We lose Arthur by graduation this year, and we wish him hearty wishes for success in his college work. The guards were ably filled by Carl Barnd and Noble Jones, both of whom were veterans. Barnd has another year and should make a mainstay for the team next year. Jones will be lost by graduation this year, but we hope that we may hear from him in athletics at University of Pennsylvania, at which school he will probably enter.

Grodi, at sub-center, is a first-year man, and played splendid ball when he was given a chance. With this year's experience John ought to be a capable pivot man next year.

Schedule for 1914

Central	30	Alumni	30
Central	36	Archbold	26
Central	26	Cold Water (Mich)	16
Central	33	Bowling Green	26
Central	14	Scott High	23
Central	16	Pioneer	30
Central	16	Napoleon	29
Central	33	Scott High	40
Central	14	Detroit East	23
	218		243



Basket Ball Reserves

Central High Reserves

MANAGEMENT

Archie Wight.....*Manager*
Harold Hammeral.....*Captain*
Sam Monetta*Coach*

LINE-UP

Malcolm Bowers.....*Right Forward*
Prentice Gross.....*Left Forward*
Wm. Bailey.....*Center*
Harold Hammeral.....*Right Guard*
Frank Rauch.....*Left Guard*
Edward Collins.....*Utility*

Review of the Reserve Team

From the members of the basket ball squad an excellent Reserve team was picked from the second-string men. It was Coach Monetta's own idea to have this uniformed, organized team. The primary idea was to develop the Freshmen and Sophomores so that they will make the first team in their Junior and Senior years.

Probably the most notable feat they performed during the season was the nice little defeat that they handed North Baltimore High by a score of 36 to 26. The youngsters also defeated the Scott High Reserves in the preliminary to the first Scott-Central game. Pemberville High defeated them in an exciting contest.

Captain Hammeral played a stellar game at right guard and was ably assisted by Frank Rausch. Both of these fellows ought to show enough ability to be stars on the defence for the varsity team next year. William Bailey displayed sterling ability as a pivot man. He will be a very strong contender for the center job next season. Prentice Gross and Malcolm Bowers were the point-makers for the team. Gross improved wonderfully this year and will give Smoot and Packer a good run for the regular forward position next year. Bowers is a good forward and will be right on the heels with the rest of the tossers from start to finish. Edward Collins took care of the utility roll in a very acceptable fashion.





MANAGEMENT

ARTHUR GRAVES.....*Manager*
PROF. A. W. STUART.....*Coach*
HAROLD TOWE.....*Captain*

LINE-UP

Edward Packer.....First
Arthur Graves.....Second
William Bailey.....Short
Verne Lechner.....Third
Kenneth Sabin.....Left
Harvey Johnson.....Center
Frank Rausch.....Right
Harold Towe.....Catcher
Noble Jones.....Pitcher

Baseball Prospects

THE team is captained by Harold Towe, a veteran of last year's team, work by cleaning up the schedule that has been arranged by Arthur and the bunch picked by Prof. A. W. Stuart ought to do some good Graves. The players have performed in a stellar manner in all the practice games.

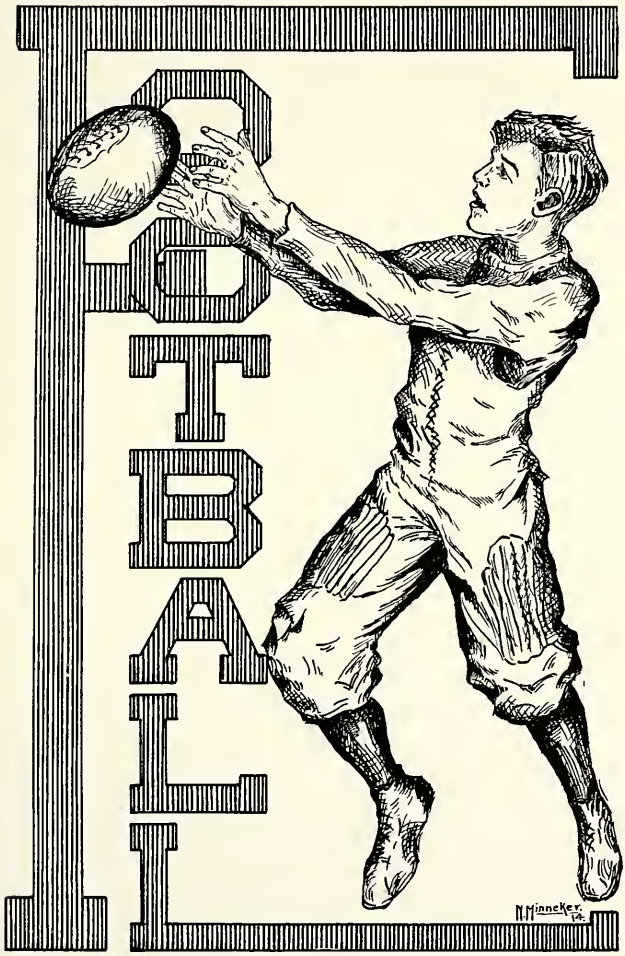
"Punk" Packer, on first, is a very clean-cut fielder and a fair hitter. He is with us for two more years and next year great things will be expected of him. "Art" Graves is a veteran from last year and his experience and general ability give him the call for second base. "Art" graduates this year and Central High loses a mighty good athlete. Bailey has the call on the shortstops, because of his speed in handling ground balls. "Bill" will be with us again next year and no doubt be one of our mainstays. Lechner, on the far corner, is a very versatile player, doing everything but pitch. Verne has another year and with "old pep," will be a star next year. Our battery is composed of a hard-hitting combination, Noble Jones and Harold Towe, both of whom are "sluggers." Jones on the hurling line and Towe behind the home plate make a very good battery. Harvey Johnson, Kenneth Sabin and Frank Rausch take care of the outer gardens. All are very sure fielders and hit at a very lively clip. Welsh, Heininger and Ben Miner are reserves. Each performs in a creditable style when given the opportunity.

Although the team has met defeat at the hands of Van Wert, more practice is sure to develop a winning team.



WHEN candidates were called for the Track Team, Coach Monetta was pleased by the large number who responded. Although Central did not compete in any indoor meets, there have been many promising athletes developed during the outdoor practices.

The athletes who will represent Central in the out-of-town meets are Ralph Marcha, Wesley Bates, "Ted" Kesler and Sanford Price. In practices Marcha has completed the 220 and 440-yard dashes in excellent time. Bates is the premier half-miler at Central. Kesler also does the half mile in good time. There are several other candidates who may perform creditably in the contest with Scott.


FOOTBALL
H. Minnecker

Football Team

MANAGEMENT

"Bill" Wright.....*Coach*
Ralph E. Pavey.....*Assistant Coach*
Willard Adams.....*Manager*
Harry Zimmerman.....*Captain*

LINE-UP

McIntyre, Aiken.....Right End
Jamieson.....Right Tackle
Jones.....Right Guard
Southard.....Center
Kaighin, Eaton, Johnson.....Left Guard
Richards.....Left Tackle
Zimmerman, Hager.....Left End
Herron, Gunn.....Right Half
Smith.....Left Half
Fluhrer, Mallory.....Quarterback
Scott.....Fullback



COACH WRIGHT

Not only did Bill Wright turn out the first local High School team to defeat our arch-enemies, Detroit Central, in 1912, but he again developed a team that defeated them more decisively in 1913. Bill is a wonderful man, having a splendid influence among players. We sincerely hope that he will have even more success in the future as a football coach.



R. E. Pavey

COACH PAVEY.—While Coach Wright was developing a machine-like back field, Coach Pavey was working hard with the line men. Pavey is very popular with players and students. We heartily wish him success along the other branches of athletics also.



Manager Adams

MANAGER WILLARD ADAMS.—We congratulate ourselves, inasmuch as we were so fortunate in having "Bill" for our manager. A splendid schedule was arranged by him and no doubt the financial success of the team was due to his untiring work.



NOBLE JONES.—"Nob," at his old right guard, played good, steady and consistent football all of the time. Noble is one of the old veterans who graduates in June and consequently will be missing from his old position. He has decided to enter Pennsylvania U. next fall and we sincerely hope that he will make good.



ARTHUR McINTYRE.—"Mac" was a flashy, dashing end, whose flying tackles were immense. "Art" also did consistent work in the back field. He is a steady, consistent end and we are sorry to lose him. But "Mac" has dropped out of school and makes it necessary for a new right end next year. We wish him success in his future athletic activities.



HAROLD SMITH.—"Sox" is another veteran that we lose this year. He was sure some half-back, making long end runs, plunging off tackle; it seems that there was no place that "Sox" could not gain. He also was some tackler in the secondary defense. "Sox" will probably enter Michigan U. next fall and without a doubt will make good from the jump.



HARRY ZIMMERMAN.—We were quite fortunate in having "Hush" for our captain. His great tackles, dodging end runs, snap and vim at his old position, left end, were quite prominent. "Hush" has played four years, so we regret to say that we have lost an exceptionally good end.



WENDELL SOUTHARD.—"Rube" is one of the kind of players who does not gain glory through his natural ability but by hard, conscientious work. "Rube" was a very good center and often broke through the opposing line and broke up plays. "Rube" graduates this year, so we hope that we may hear from him on some college team.



JOHN FLUHRER.—"Jack" is one of the greatest athletes that ever performed under the Purple and Gold. He always plays his hardest, running the team with a lot of judgment and getting away with long end runs. His brilliant career was stopped for a while when he was unnecessarily injured in the Notre Dame game. "Jack" graduated in February and thus we lose our famous quarterback. "Jack" also enters Pennsylvania U. next fall and we hope that he will continue his great work.



BERT MALLORY.—A very shifty backfield man, a hard man to hold, and a steady ground gainer was Bert Mallory. His accurate, long forward passes were another excellent attribute to his ability. We lose Bert by graduation and we regret it very much, as he was a basket ball and baseball star.



RUSSELL AIKEN.—"Russ" was an understudy to "Hush" and did some mighty nice work around left end. He is fast, a good ground gainer with forward passes, and a splendid tackler. Russell will be with us next year and he ought to be the mainstay of the team.



HARVEY HAGER.—"Harve" is another fast, dashing end who won a warm place in many hearts by his sensational tackles and grit. "Harve" has moved out of the city, so he will unfortunately not be with us next year. Some Los Angeles High School will receive a hard playing, steady end in Hager.



TYLER EATON.—"Cub" was the "kid" of the team, but was there as a nervy lineman. He and Johnson alternated at left guard after Kaighin was hurt. Eaton has another year and with this year's experience he should make a cracking good man for the line.



MAURICE RICHARDS.—"Brick" surely played a whale of a game at his old left tackle job. He showed much improvement over his 1912 form and was always in the game head over heels. "Brick" graduates this year, so we lose him, but wish him loads of success in his college work.



HOWARD KAIGHIN.—"Kag" played wonderful football at left guard this year, up to the time his hand was broken in the Notre Dame game. Howard has another year and we expect great things of him next year.



FRANK GUNN.—Another man who came out for his first year and made good from the start was Gunn. Frank is an excellent line-plunger along the lines of Harry Pond. He has the necessary nerve and the experience gained this year will stand him in good stead for next year.



I. TOPPER



W. SHUEY



R. COWELL



R. FOGG

RESERVES

The Team of 1913

Toledo High's football team of 1913 was another wonderful scoring machine, such as the Mastodons of 1912. Under the efficient coaching of Bill Wright and Ralph E. Pavey, another wonderful defense and a splendid offense was developed. When the boys stacked up against the Notre Dame Freshmen team, they were without a doubt greater in defeat than in their greatest victory; holding that set of giant athletes in perfect trim to a 10 to 0 score was, indeed, wonderful.

Defeating Detroit Central by a 20 to 0 score was another sample of the lads' ability. Oak Park High was probably the only prep. school team that could have defeated the T. H. S. eleven.

Jack Fluhrer, Sox Smith, Dick Herron and Palmer Scott formed a quartet of back-field men that many colleges would welcome with open arms. Captain Zimmerman, Richards, Jamieson, Jones, McIntyre, Kaighin and Southard formed an insurmountable line of splendid charges and helped a very great deal in the terrific attack administered to the opposing teams.

The worst defeat that the team handed the opposition was that in the Cleveland East Tech. game, which resulted in a 97 to 0 score. That was probably the record score of Toledo High for all time.

Mansfield was a team that came here with the idea of taking T. H. S. into camp by at least 30 points. However, the conditions were sadly reversed and they went home defeated by a 84 to 0 score. Monroe and Ada Highs were merely practice games and the coaches used the entire squad against them.

The Lane Tech. High team from Chicago came here full of confidence, but the boys "came back" after the Oak Park disaster and defeated the "carpenters" by a 40 to 10 count.

RECORD OF 1913 TEAM

Toledo	81	Monroe	0
Toledo	55	Ada	6
Toledo	84	Mansfield	0
Toledo	20	Detroit Central	0
Toledo	97	Cleveland East Tech.	0
Toledo	0	Notre Dame	10
Toledo	7	Oak Park	32
Toledo	40	Lane Tech.	10
Totals	384		58



SENIOR BANQUET

AT THE WOMAN'S BUILDING, MAY 29, 1914.

PROPHETESS.....*Henrietta MacKinnon*

POET.....*Leonard Aue*

NOVELIST.....*Esther Severinghaus*

HISTORIAN.....*John Trautwein*

SOCIAL COMMITTEE

Minnie Redding.....*Chairman*

Corinne Dunham — Karl Ruch

Alice Luethi — Fred Krieger

Ruth Quimby — Howard Harpst

SENIOR PROM

AT THE WOMAN'S BUILDING, MAY 8, 1914

CHAPERONES

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Gayman — Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Pollock

Mr. F. W. Mathias

JUNIOR HOP

AT THE WOMAN'S BUILDING, JANUARY 30, 1914

CHAPERONES

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Gayman — Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Demorest
Mr. and Mrs. J. Travis
Mr. F. W. Mathias — Miss M. Ryan
Miss M. Dunlap — Miss M. Pugny

PHILALETHIAN BANQUET

AT THE WOMAN'S BUILDING, MARCH 31, 1914

HELEN THATCHER, *Toastmistress*

OUR SENIORS.....*Ruth Yant*
THE JUNIORS.....*Elaine Hirth*
THE SOPHOMORES.....*Dorothy Keyt*
THE FRESHMEN.....*Laura Grossman*
OUR CRITICS.....*Miriam Chute*
THE ALUMNÆ.....*Emma Rex*
OUR FUTURE PHIL. GARDEN.....*Marian Frisbie*

HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA CONCERT DANCE

AT THE WOMAN'S BUILDING
February 27, 1914.

TOLEDO UNIVERSITY DANCE

On April 18, 1914, the Toledo University delightfully entertained the Senior class at the Woman's Building.

LITERARY



DANCES

Literary Dances

PERICLEAN DANCE

AT THE WOMAN'S BUILDING, MAY 9, 1914

CHAPERONES

Dr. William Guitteau — Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Gayman

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Demorest

Miss Ritchie — Miss Gugle — Miss Caughey

Miss Barkdull — Miss Scott

Miss Schneider — Miss Storer

Mr. Reid

FORUM-ZETALETHEAN DANCE

AT THE TOLEDO YACHT CLUB

December 24, 1913

CHAPERONES

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Jones — Mr. and Mrs. Bert Bitter

Miss Ada Baer — Miss Grace Spayd

Miss Florence Cooper — Mrs. Boardman

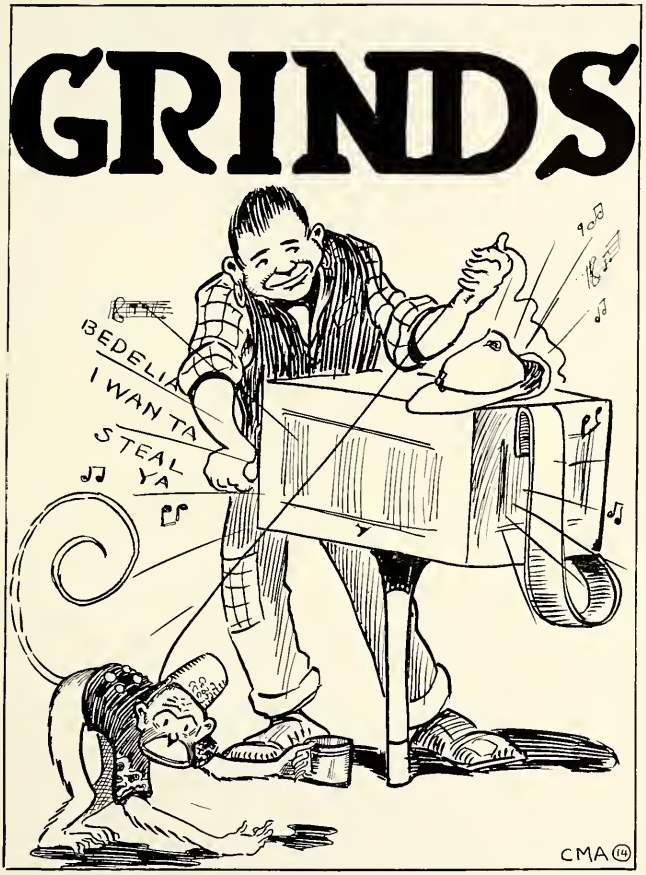
PHILALETHIAN DANCE

AT THE WOMAN'S BUILDING, JUNE 20, 1914

CHAPERONES

Mr. and Mrs. Demorest — Dr. Guitteau

Mr. Sanger — Miss Schneider — Miss Bissell


GRINDS
BEDELIA
I WAN TA
STEAL
YA
CMA

If in these pages you should find
Something that does distract your mind,
And if they should a laugh provoke,
Turn on, turn on, it's but a joke.

And if perchance a sting,
Someone at you does fling,
And makes your heart go broke,
Turn on, turn on, it's but a joke.

Perhaps this joke or silly sting
To you some fond remembrance bring;
Perhaps a friend to you thus spoke;
Turn on, turn on, it's but a joke.

When the cares of future years
Flood your life with hopes and fears
And on you fall grim fate's bold strokes,
Turn back, turn back, to these old jokes.



September

Sept. 15.—The old school looks like it always did.

Sept. 16.—We miss many old faces but see many new ones.

Sept. 17.—Oh, dear! Some of us discover that the teachers we first picked out are not the ones we are destined to have.

Sept. 18.—Boyle shoots craps on lower floor.

Sept. 19.—One week of school. Krieger says that he guesses he will have to shave whether he wants to or not. Football candidates turn out.

Sept. 23.—Senior officers elected.

Sept. 26.—Mr. Hackett talks on Shakespeare.

Sept. 29.—That great mass meeting. Mr. Gayman beams upon us.

October

Oct. 4.—It was a shame to do it. Toledo, 84; Monroe, 0.

Oct. 6.—They have some lively time in Room 16. The Junior class organizes and Thirza Herman gives permission to East Side pupils to attend Central High this year.

Oct. 11.—Ada High arrives at Toledo; prospects certainly look fine for big games. Toledo, 55; Ada, 6.

Oct. 13.—Six Years Club organizes.

Oct. 18.—This is really too bad. Toledo, 88; Mansfield, 0.

Oct. 21.—Jones is seen studying in the first hour.

Oct. 25.—The boys show their real worth. Toledo, 20; Detroit, 0.

Oct. 27.—The less said about this day the better.

Oct. 31.—Spooks!!

November

Nov. 1.—Krieger shaves. He always does on the first of the month. Cleveland East Tech., 0; Toledo, 97. This is getting worse and worse.

Nov. 8.—Notre Dame Freshmen, 10; Toledo, 0. Too much beef.

Nov. 10.—Thelma Myers walks the hall with Conklin.

Nov. 11.—Thelma walks with Hires.

Nov. 12.—Thelma walks with Mersereau.

Nov. 13.—Thelma walks with Farling. We gotta hunch that Thelma is popular with the fellows.

Nov. 22.—We meet our Waterloo. Oak Park, 32; Toledo, 7.

Nov. 27.—Turkey Day. We come back. Lane Teck, 10; Toledo, 40.

December

Dec. 4.—Dear little Freshmen report for throwing snowballs. Babies must play.

Dec. 10.—Mrs. Boyle sends a note to Mr. Gayman, complaining that some of the larger boys are molesting Francis on the way home.

Dec. 19.—Christmas vacation. We are ordered to get a shot in the arm.

Dec. 25.—Chapman gets a fountain pen from ?

January

Jan. 5.—Some of us come back to school.

Jan. 6.—One week more of vacation. Hurrah for the Anti-Vaccination League!

Jan. 12.—We start to cram.

Jan. 22.—Examinations begin.

Jan. 29.—Senior party. Oh, that punch!!

Jan. 30.—"J" Hop. Mildred White does hop when Henry steps on her toes.

February

Feb. 2.—We get our cards. Good-bye to some Seniors.

Feb. 3.—Ruch borrows a nickel from H. Gerber—Impossible!

Feb. 4.—Mr. Klag says Conklin resembles a human being slightly. We agree.

Feb. 9.—The Lunch Room changes its brand of soup.

Feb. 13.—Friday—double hoodoo. Some stay home.

Feb. 14.—Mr. Mathias gets a comic valentine. We wonder(?) who sent it.

Feb. 15.—Coincidence—two fellows call on Esther Graves the same evening.

Feb. 18.—Gifford and Aue come in on time today.

Feb. 24.—Price tells another joke(?) today.

March

March 1.—Comes in lamblike. Towe hocks his Benny.

March 2.—Warmer. Toledo Beach is going to open up—this summer.

March 3.—Retina out. Freshies' number. Staff dee—lighted.

March 10.—Colder. Towe gets his Benny back.

March 16.—We sing a new one. Social Committee argues about dance. Class poet, etc., elected.

March 17.—Place looked like a greenhouse this A. M. Even the Seniors observed the day by walking the halls with Freshmen.

March 18.—In two months and one day we graduate.

March 24.—Rumor has it that Cupid has nabbed two of our bunch. Congratulations.

March 25.—S. Holst gets a new collar—double dip.

March 27.—Spring fever apparent. Joy! Spring vacation next week.

April

April 6.—Back to school.

April 8.—DeHaven misses Urmah.

April 16.—We get our cards. Some disappointments.

April 17.—Arbor Day. Mr. Steffens speaks to the mob in 40 A. Webster-Peric. Vaudeville Show.—French Play.

April 18.—Toledo University dance.

April 21.—Gifford said something today.

April 27.—Disgraceful! Ruth had only four boys today.

April 28.—Krieger actually recites in Physiology today.

April 29.—Forum meeting—some members called foreigners. Riot!

April 30.—Gifford vs. Rose. One round. Gifford knocked out.

May

May 2.—We subscribe for Annual. Hoyt laughs at one of Konk's jokes.

May 3.—Sunday. Krieger goes canoeing or swimming—which?

May 5.—Retina out. Staff still living. Some charter members of the Fatima Club are "pinched." They sign the pledge and get six recesses.

May 8.—Senior Prom. Johnson learns(?) how to do the High Jinks.

May 10.—Smith just sees through one of the Retina jokes. Some dense.

May 15.—Gerber gets a new lid.

May 17.—Bill Wright is seen alone.

May 23.—Konk sees Ruth.

May 24.—Clarence does too.

May 28.—Circus in town. Many Freshmen missing at recess.

May 29.—Senior Banquet, Woman's Building. Bowers takes a drink from the finger bowl.

June

June 3.—Annual on sale.

June 4.—Rose buys a new suit and gets a haircut.

June 5.—Class Day. Webster dance.

June 8.—Ruth Quimby still searching for a "soul mate."

June 11.—Exams start.

June 19.—We bid farewell to old Central.

This story is told of Clarence Rose before he entered High School:

Clarence was struggling through his reading lesson. "'No,' said the captain,'" he read, "'it was not a sloop. It was a larger vessel. By the rig I judged her to be a-a-a-a-a—'" The word was new to him. "Barque," supplied the teacher. "Barque!" repeated the teacher, somewhat sharply. Clarence looked as though he had not heard aright, then, with an apprehensive glance around the class, he shouted, "Bow-wow!"

Teacher—"What is political economy?"

Freshman—"I think it is getting the most votes for the least money."

ODE TO FATIMA CLUB

Buxom boys,
Cigarettes;
Little graves,
Violets.

I.

There was a boy,
Who had a girl.
She was quite coy,
Was this little girl

II.

But when he said,
"We want no light,"
She got real mad
And they had a fight.

III.

And when he left,
His tears did dribble,
But she called out,
"Oh, 'Ish-ca-bibble.'"

On board the Greyhound·

Chapman—"I wish we had a deck of cards."

Alice Luethi—"Can't you buy one at the lunch counter?"

Chap.—"No."

Alice (after thinking a while)—"Well, you might ask a deck hand." !*!*

"MEN"

Men are what women marry. They drink, smoke and swear, but don't go to church. Perhaps they would if they wore bonnets. They are more logical than women and also more zoological. Both men and women sprang from a monkey, but women sprang farther than the men.

Mildred White—"Noble, do pigs live in mangers."

Jones—"No; they have folding beds."

Mr. Waltz—"Ben, state the reason for different saws having different size teeth."

Miner—"Well, I suppose it would make a difference in the quality of sawdust."

Small Boy—"Ma, how old is that lamp."
Mother—"Three years. Why do you ask?"
Boy—"Turn it down, ma; it's too young to smoke."

AMBIGUITY

Mr. Pollock—"You may tell about (k)nighthood."
Howard Harpst—"Why, they are generally made of flannel and worn by old people and—"
Mr. P.—"That will do, Howard."

Bill Kuhns was calling on Marian one Sunday evening (very queer, of course). They did not have the clock in the usual place, so it was not his fault that it was nearly twelve. They had talked of one subject after another until everything was nearly exhausted, when finally they drifted to baseball.

"I don't know a thing about baseball," remarked Marian.

"Oh, let me explain it to you," answered Bill.

Deep voice from top of stairs—"Well, give us an example of a home run."

A worthy young Soph., of course not eavesdropping, but merely walking behind Bill Wright and Charlotte, heard the following conversation:

Bill—"Well, what luck?"

Charlotte—"It's all a joke with mother, but I'm a little afraid to strike dad yet."

A fool can ask questions that a wise man cannot answer. That's why so many of us flunk our exams.

"May I print a kiss on your lips?" he said.
She nodded her sweet permission.
They went to press and I rather guess
They printed a full edition.
Extra! Extra!!

This is written especially for Mr. Francis Boyle and is sung to the tune of "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes":

The life of the Almanac editor
Consists in spending his time
In reading stale jokes and old stories,
And poems without any rhyme.

The Staff all say, "We should worry;"
They get all the glory and fame;
The printer gets all of the money,
They leave me the slams and the blame.
So to-night as I sit by the fire,
And gaze at the holes in my sox,
To my mind comes the pleasing reflection,
"My only reward is hard knocks."

Miss Sweatman—"Wayne, name some cities of Germany."
Rogers—"Hamburger." Wayne always was good in geography.

Mrs. Dawson—"What is a Duchess?"
Conklin—"A Dutchman's wife."

Miss Fenneberg (in German class)—"Will you decline 'Ein Glass Bier'."
Bowers—"I never have yet."

"Mother, is father in the fruit business?"
"No, my son. Why?"
"Well, when he took me for a walk the other day he met Mr. Jones, and all they talked about was peaches, pippins and dates."

Senior—"Do you know you are the correct imitation of a lobster?"
"Doc" Holst—"I am no imitation, sir."

Heckman—"How do you feel to-day?"
Waldruff—"Just like seven days."
Heck.—"How does it feel to be like that?"
Waldruff—"Just a little weak."

Scene—The Parlor.
He—"Mabel!"
She—"Yes, dear."
He—"May I smoke?"
She—"Oh, no; dear!"
He—"Why not?"
She—"Father would put you out if you would smoke in the parlor."
He—"Mabel!"
She—"Yes, dear."
He—"The lamp's smoking."
(And then there was darkness.)

Reggie—"If pa was to die, would he go to heaven?"
Mother—"Hush, Reggie! Whoever has been putting such ridiculous thoughts into your head?"

Mr. Pollock—"How many wars were there in England?"
Leonard Aue—"Six."
Mr. P.—"Enumerate them."
L. J. G. A.—"One, two, three, four, five, six."

Ruth Collett—"But, father, you should make allowances for Harold's shortcomings."
Mr. Collett—"I don't mind his shortcomings; it's his long stayings that I don't like."

Breathes there a boy with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
While looking down on some girl's head,
"O Lord! What would she be
Without this stuff that isn't she?"

May—"He threatened to drown himself if I refused him."
Bess—"What did you say?"
May—"I told him he couldn't use me as a life-preserver."

Doctor Mister George M. Fister
Met a girl named Miss Chidister.
Found that he could not resist her,
So quite naturally he kissed her.
In his clumsiness he missed her,
And on her nose there showed a blister.
She cried out loud, "Desist or
I'll call dad if you persist, sir."
Now he's not on her calling list or
At her home a constant vis'tor,
But practices daily on his sister.
Doctor Mister George M. Fister.

The gas had just gone out and left
The dear in my possesssion.
When father introduced himself
He made a deep impression.
Then I threw out my massive chest—
Her dear papa threw out the rest.

Some people injure both their ii.
By reading things that make them yy.
But others, to avoid dis-ee.
Travel over land and cc.
I would do this, but my xqq
Is: I have no cash, so what's the uu?

Teacher—"Translate 'Rex fugit.'"
Speer—"The King flees."
Teacher—"You should use 'has' in translating the perfect tense."
Speer—"The King has flees."

Ich weisz nicht was soll ess bedeuten,
Dasz ich so traurig bin;
Ich habe mein crib vergessen
Und musz rely on mein Sinn.
Fraulein Fenneberg ist kuhl und sie chuckles
Und ruhig lacht sie in glee,
Denn sie glaubt dasz sie will man flunken—
Ach Himmel! kann dasz sein zu me?
—Ah-La-Ha-La.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
In my little bed.
If I should die before I wake,
How will I know I'm dead?

Ruth Quimby—"Why is it so hot on the inside of a circus tent?"
Mr. Pavlicek—"Because the heat is in-tents."

BY SHAKESPEARE & CO.

PARADISE

A shaded room,
An open fire,
A cozy nook,
And your heart's desire.

PARADISE LOST

The self-same room,
With lights a few;
The self-same nook,
But with Ma there too.

* * * *

There are meters of pleasure,
And meters of tone;
But the very best meter
Is to meet 'er alone.

Wouldn't we be surprised IF—

Krieger would get shaved (once a week)?
Alice Luethi would be on time?
Jones would get his Math.?
Gifford would stop talking?
Conklin studied?
Clarence Rose went to see a girl?
Pinky Boyle would grow a little?
DeHaven would get through in four?
Carlyle Roberts missed a day?

A STORY IN SONG

"In the Good Old Summer Time" "Molly Lee" and "Texas Tommy" went "Sailing Down the Chesapeake Bay." She sailed "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway" and anchored at "The Little Cafe" that stood in "The Garden of Roses." The orchestra was playing "That Naughty Molly" and "Molly Lee" said "Gee! But I Like Music with My Meals." "Molly Lee" had an "Ocean Roll" but it had "Too Much Mustard" on it, so she said "Put on Your Old High Hat" and we'll go.

Now everybody knows that "The Longest Way Round Is the Shortest Way Home," so they returned on the "Robert E. Lee." "Underneath the Tango Moon" "Texas Tommy" said, "Peg o' My Heart." "You Have Made Me Love You"; I Want a Girl, So Be Mine." "Be Careful," replies "Molly Lee," "The Moon Has His Eyes on You." "I Don't Care," "I'm the Guy" that has "Rings on My Fingers" and besides those I have "My Hidden Treasure."

"I'm Sorry You Can't Have Me, But You Can Have My Sympathy." "Oh, But I Am Melancholy," sighs "Texas Tommy."

Finally they landed in "The Harbor of Home, Sweet Home." "Kiss Me Good Night" said "Molly Lee."

Central High School

Name	Alias	Ancestor	Appearance	Lives On	Usually Seen
Helen Rydman	"Helen Mae"	Has none	Regular	Edgar's salary	Smiling
Neil Silliman	"Silly"	Adam	Dignified	Graft	With Anne
Margaret Hood	"Dutch"	Old Lady Hubbard	All-smiles	Onions	Wildwood OHIO
Fred Chapman	"Chappy"	Ananias	Intelligent	Yoc-o-may	Fussing
Thirza Herman	"Hermin"	Lady Macbeth	Flustered	Gossip	Looking for a man
F. Wicks DeHaven	"F. Wicks"	Jonah	Sleepy	Mush	At the theater
Mary Emily Doyle	"Mawry"	Queen Esther	Supreme	Broadway	With Gus
C. Lewis Rose	"Skygack"	Methuselah	Important	He don't live	Looking wise
Ruth Quimby	"Mona Liza"	Cupid	Glorified	Pickles	Looking pleasant
Burleigh Gifford	"Pat"	Solomon	Exaggerated	Malted Milk	Talking
Thelma Myers	"Cutey"	Cleopatra	Coquettish	Mellin's Food	And always heard
Noble Jones	"Nobe"	Hercules	Pre-possessed	Rough-on-Rats	Y. M. C. A.
Tessie Trudeau	"Tess"	Ophelia	Young	Cold Cream	But never heard
Fred Krieger	"Ted"	Happy Hooligan	Sawed-off	Bum jokes	Alone (?)
Minnie Redding	"Min"	Mrs. Adam	Delicate	Cream puffs	At Cleveland (sometimes)
Arthur Weber	"Art"	Gloomy Gus	Dejected	The students	Caged up
Corinne Dunham	"Crene"	Psyche	Pious	Pie	West Toledo
John Gerber	"Gerb"	Moses	Never puts in one	Nails	At South St.
Alice Luethi	"Luey"	Mrs. Ananias	In a hurry	Hamburger	But not always
Carl Ruch	"Rooky"	"Slim Jim"	Childish	One meal a day	Joy riding

Table of Statistics

Likes	Hates	Needs	Favorite Expression	Ambition
Edgar only	The Retina Editor	A ring	Oh! Joy!	Sunday school teacher
St. Louis	The Social Committee	Train fare to St. Louis	I'm s'prised	President of Mexico
It's a secret	The moonlight	A chauffeur	Huh!	Missionary to Africa
A poker game	To be alone	Cash	Good night!	Minister
To talk	To be quiet	A keeper	Wad-d-ya-mean?	Waitress
Nothing	The teachers	Brains	Oh! gracious me!	Clown
Everybody	Not to dance	Help	The very idea!	H. S. teacher
Nobody	Girls	A steady	Blankety-blank	Traffic cop
Boys	Nothing	A tonic	Oh, me! Oh, my!	Actress
Notoriety	The dark	A muffler	Oh, listen a minute!	Auctioneer
"Pinky"	Chaperones	A guardian	Y-a-a-a-a-a-a-s	Fashion model
Himself	School	An education	Never expressed himself	Athlete
School	All boys but—?	We don't know what	Oh! Shoot!	Opera singer
Girls	Himself	A pill	Do you get that one?	Barber
Don't know his name	All Juniors	A little house for two	Say! kids	Mrs. ——??
The Stationer	Everybody	More trade	Ach! Mein Himmel	Fireman
"Harry"	Miss ——?	To stop writing notes	Fiddlesticks!	Nurse
Walbridge Park	East Toledo	Sense and cents	I told you so	Has none
To write excuses	To be on time	A regular man	I don't care	Spinster
Moonlight—Girl—Canoe	Cigarettes	A girl	It can't be done	Chauffeur

FOR GENTLEMEN ONLY

MECCA
BILLIARD PALACE



331-333 St. Clair St.

Who were the lovers?
Romeo and Juliet.

What was their courtship like?
A Midsummer Night's Dream.
What was her answer to his proposal?
As You Like It.
Of whom did Romeo buy the ring?
The Merchant of Venice.
What time of the month were they married?
Twelfth Night.
Who were the ushers?
Two Gentlemen of Verona.
Who were the best man and maid of honor?
Anthony and Cleopatra.
Who gave the reception?
Merry Wives of Windsor.
In what kind of a place did they live?
Hamlet.
What caused their first quarrel?
Much Ado About Nothing.
What was her disposition like?
The Tempest.
What did they give each other when quarreling?
Measure for Measure.
What did their courtship prove to be?
Love's Labor Lost.
What did their home life resemble?
A Comedy of Errors.
What did their friends say?
All's Well That Ends Well.

FIRST ANNUAL BANQUET

OF THE

ORDER OF BLUFFERS OF CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

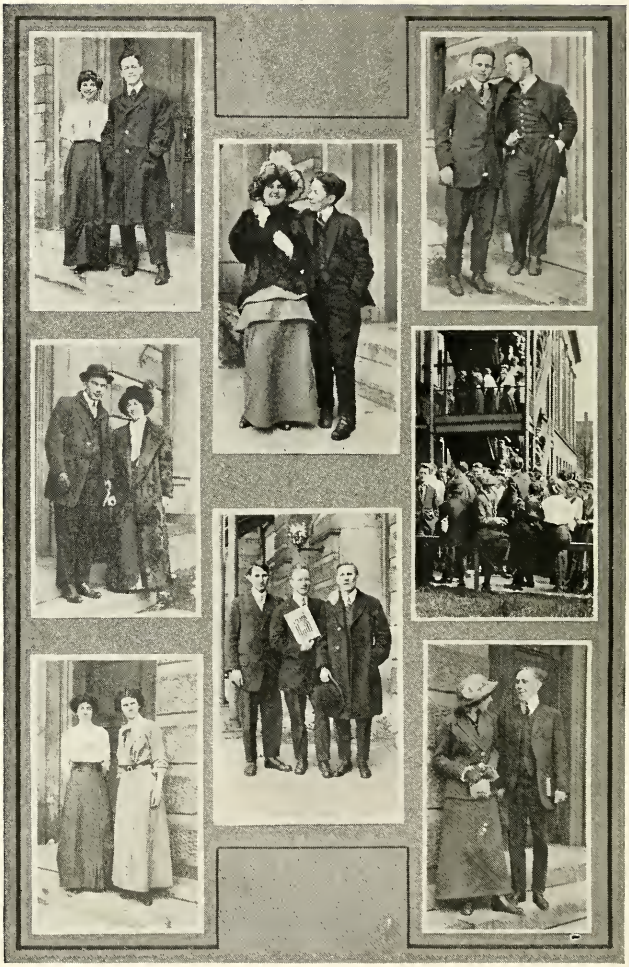
HIGH SCHOOL LUNCH ROOM

MENU

Vegetable Soup — Mayonnaise Dressing
Chinamen's Large Toes (pickled)
Gooseneck Hairpins — Hummingbirds' Tongues
H. M. & R. Shoestrings — Pigs' Ears
Catfish Eyebrows with Spring Flies
Braised Cat Tails
Smashed Turnips — Gooey
Birds' Nests, Rare
Chopped Toenails — Cream
Fish Worms
Boiled Dish Water

TOASTS

Why I Bluff.....*Conklin*
A Hypothesis on Bluffing.....*Krieger*
When, Where and How to Bluff.....*Jones*
Advantages of Bluffing.....*Merserean*



THE FOOTBALL MAN

She had long been considered the prettiest maid,
The queerest and coolest of all,
And the youth who approached her might place all his bets
On a hard, disastrous fall.

Wearing her hair on the top of her head,
This maiden walked and noticed no man by the way,
Till a creature with masses of hair on his head,
And clad in a sweater of gray—

Approached her; oh, dear, her heart pit-a-pat,
Beneath her waist ruffles did beat;
And she caught her sweet breath with a cute little gasp,
And blushes swift manteled her cheek.

She smiled as she blushed, the creature it grinned,
And they wandered far from town,
And when all alone, with his arm 'round her waist
He made what they call a "touchdown."

She called him her dearie, her own duckie-duck,
And a lot of such goo-gooing gush,
And then for the hundred and twentieth time,
Her face stopped a grand "center rush."

She smiled as they met and she smiled some more,
As close as she clung to him;
And found that the chances of all other girls,
With her dream were mighty blame slim.

With her face in his face and her arms round his neck,
She swore she forever was his;
And the way that she clung would make any vine,
Get out of the tree-climbing biz.

What mattered to her if he'd lost an eye,
If his nose was knocked round to his ear?
Or his slats caved in or his stomach jammed out,
Clear out of its natural sphere?

What matter to her if his legs were broke,
Or his backbone out of place?
She cared not a bit if she still could tell
The back of his head from his face.

He could smoke if he wished, and chew if he must,
Or by influence "rush the can,"
Since she swore a swear that he must be hers,
For he was her "Football Man."

Her face so fair, upturned to his,
Bespoke the truth,
While he, with subtle care,
Her thoughts did share.
A shriek—a whiz—
He had the tooth.

She could swing a six-pound dumbbell,
She could fence and she could box;
She could row upon the river,
She could clamber 'mong the rocks;
She could golf from morn till evening,
And play tennis all day long,
But she couldn't help her mother,
'Cause she wasn't very strong.

No word was spoken when they met,
By either, sad or gay;
And yet one badly smitten was,
'Twas mentioned the next day.
They met by chance this Autumn eve,
With neither glance nor bow;
They often come together thus—
A freight train and a cow.

The Bank for East Side People

The Peoples' State Savings Bank

STARR AVENUE

The Best Service is none too good for their Customers. Special care given to Savings Depositors.

OH! WHAT A WORLD.

L. Aue could take a worthless sheet of paper, write a poem on it, and make it worth $10 (???).

That's genius.

Our treasurer, H. Towe, could write a few words on a sheet of paper and make it worth $100 (??).

That's capital.

Bill Eliot could take material worth 10 cents in the machine shop and he might make it into an instrument worth $5.

That's skill.

Leo Kietzman could write a cheque for $50,000 and it would not be worth 10 cents.

That's tough.

Esther Graves could purchase a hat for 75 cents—but, of course, prefers one worth $20.

That's nonsense.

The staff burns the midnight oil to turn out some pages for you to criticise.

That's The Almanac.

If you handed in a story or joke for The Almanac—

That's School Spirit.

That's what we want!!

Florence Black—"I don't think that one should always obey one's parents, do you? Cecil?"

Cecil W.—"Why, I don't know; what makes you ask?"

Florence—"Last night when one of the boys was here (please take notice), papa called down: 'Florence, put out the light,' and of course I did it. And when he came down stairs and found us in the dark he was just raving mad."

APPLIED MATHEMATICS.

I sometimes wonder what's the use
Of squaring the Hypothenuse;
Or why, unless it be to tease,
Things must be called Isoceles.
Of course I know that mathematics
Are mental stunts and acrobatics,
To give the brain a drill gymnastic,
And make grey matter more elastic.
Is that why Euclid has employed
Trapezium and Trapezoid
I wonder?—yet it seems to me
That all the Plain Geometry
One needs is just this simple feat—
Whate'er your line, make both ends meet!

Miss Ryan—"Arthur," give the principal parts of the verb 'to skate.'"
Weber—"Skato, skatere, skati, skatus."
Miss R.—"Wrong."
Weber—"Then it must be skato, slipere, fallus, bumptum."

Oh, woman's hair! Oh, beautiful hair!
Words of praise I'd utter;
But oh! how sick it makes you feel
To find it in the butter.

Mildred Ware—"Whenever Fred calls he makes me think of Hamlet."
Mildred Cowell—"Why so?"
Mildred W.—Like Hamlet, he "cannot resolve himself into adieu."

A salesman had taken a large order in the north of Scotland for a consignment of hardware, and endeavored to press upon the canny Scottish manager who had given him the order, a box of Havana cigars.

"Naw," he replied, "don't try to bribe a man. I couldn't tak' them—and I am a member of the kirk."

"But you will accept them as a present?"

"I couldna'," said the Scot.

"Well, then," said the traveler, "suppose I sell you the cigars for a nominal sum—say, sixpence?"

"Well, in that case," replied the Scot, "since you press me, and no' liking to refuse an offer weel meant, I think I'll tak' twa boxes."

GO TO
ZENOBIA
FOR
Dances
Lectures
Parties
C H S
Debates
Banquets
Entertainments
RECEPTION ROOM, SMOKER, CHECK ROOMS ETC.
ALL FACILITIES PROVIDED FOR ANY OCCASION
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Clothes and Furnishings
FOR THE YOUNG MAN
Nelson Clothes Shop
204 Main St.

"O, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us."

"He is not in the role of common men."—*Neil Silliman.*

"Work is the salt of the earth."—*James Spafford.*

"Why don't the men propose, mama,
Why don't the men propose."—*Ruth Quimby.*

"An earnest maid and clever too withal."—*Esther Severinghaus.*

"A harmless youth meant only to exist."—*Leonard Aue.*

"God made but one casting from this mold—one was enough."—*Ezra Bauer.*

"A Senior—he, with inclination to games of infancy."—*A. Hoyt.*

"I heard a hollow sound—who hit me on the head?"—*Leon Bowers.*

"Brunettes are arch coquettes."—*Thelma Meyers.*

"Some men never try work until they try everything else."—*Earl Wyant.*

"What fear ye, brawlers, I am not at your heads."
—*Bill Kuhns at Forum Meeting.*

"My deeds are full of vim and go,
My brain is full of H_2O."—*H. Doying.*

"Had he wings, he'd not be an angel, but a goose."—*Leslie McKay.*

"Methinks he likes nothing better than a girl."—*Chapman.*

"Yon, Cassius, hath a lean and hungry look."—*C. Lewis Rose.*

"He thinks too much.
Such men are dangerous.—*L. Kietzman.*

"I am Sir Oracle. When I ope my mouth
Let no dog bark."—*Gifford.*

"Isn't he the cutest thing?"—*Sanford Price.*

"Children are ever in need of models."—*Ruth Collett.*

"So dainty and so shy."—*Ruby Brockway.*

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."—*H. Parks.*

"Chattering nonsense all day long."—*Harpst.*

"His cogitative faculties immersed in a cogibundity of cogitations."—
Art Graves.

"Of surprising beauty and in the bloom of youth."—*Tessie Trudeau.*

"Never lose an opportunity to see something beautiful."—*Catherine Gaffney.*

"More sinned against than usual."—*Art Weber.*

"He is an evening reveller
Who makes his life an infancy."—*Speer.*

"I am slow of study."—*Conklin.*

"He hath eaten me out of house and home."—*Mersereau.*

"Two lovely berries moulded on one stem."—*F. Wicks and Urmah.*

"An angel—or if not, an earthly paragon."—*Florence Black.*

"Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her."—*Cecil Wisler.*

"Little, but oh, my!"—*Charlotte Stump.*

"He that falls in love with himself will have no rivals."—*Lawrence Roller.*

"She is a maid of artless grace,
Gentle in form and fair of face."—*Esther Graves.*

"A lemon in the Garden of Love."—*Fred Krieger.*

"A blithe heart makes a blooming visage."—*Marion Thompson.*

"Graced with polished manners and fine sense."—*Richard Fisher.*

"In her tongue is the law of kindness."—*Corinne Dunham.*

"Methinks I hear him snore."—*Donald Butler.*

"To see her is to love her."—*Urmah Carley.*

"Some are born great,
Some achieve greatness,
And others have no hope."—*Erwin Nesper.*

Enter class,
Absent look.
During class
Open book.
Called upon,
Pupil shook,
And his name
Is Mr. Ruch.

LeFevre's

LeFevre's Dancing Academy
412-414 Huron St.

This Academy is recognized by students of high schools and colleges as the best place to learn to dance correctly. Every detail of dancing and deportment is taught. Care and discrimination is exercised in admitting pupils.

Classes and dances are conducted privately. Classes for beginners open every six weeks during season commencing in September.

ODE TO A KOMIC EDITOR

Poor editor with anxious sigh,
Expansive grin and beaming eye,
What anguish thine when at they toil,
Smeared with the marks of midnight oil,
Friends yell with malice in the roar,
"Where *have* I heard that gag before?"

Poor one, when you are past and gone,
And friends your pages gaze upon,
Applying cold and rigid tests
To thy gay, helpless little jests,
They'll smile like a revolving door,
"Where *have* I met that chap before?"

An old man, who isn't a saint,
Sat down on a bench marked, "wet paint."
"Oh, dear!" and "dog-gone it!"
"Oh, fudge!" and "confound it!"
Might be what he said, but it ain't.

Lives there a boy with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
As he racked his brain and scratched his head:
"? x x x ! ! x x ? ? x x ! this algebra."

L. McKay is sour, my pards,
As the faces of old-time bards,
And his sweet photograph
Even caught with a laugh,
Will kill sure at forty-five yards.

THE TRIFLERS' CLUB

Motto: "Out upon it! I have loved
Three whole days together."

Song: "If you can't get along with one or two,
You're much better off with three."

Flower: Heartsease.

CHARTER MEMBERS

Neil Silliman	*Ruth Collett	Esther Graves
Fred Chapman	*Bill Kuhns	Burleigh Gifford
Alice Luethi	Florence Black	*Marion Thompson
Francis Boyle	Thelma Meyers	Fred Krieger
Thirza Herman	*Harold Hammeral	Marion Mersereau

*Expelled.

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THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

I.

This is Central High—greatest of the great. Thou shalt serve it always.

II.

Thou shalt not take the names of Gayman, Mathias, Pollock, Travis or Dawson in vain.

III.

Remember to come every day, and especially on Mondays, for verily a miss on this day counteth a flunk.

IV.

Honor thy superiors (?), the Juniors and Seniors.

V.

Thou shalt not kill thyself by eating too much food. Patronize the lunch room and thou wilt never violate this commandment.

VI.

Thou shalt refrain from attending too many dances—even though the Seniors do try to sell you a ticket.

VII.

Thou shalt not, accidentally or otherwise, swipe thy neighbor's books, even though he sit in 40 B, whose heart is innocent of these things.

VIII.

Thou shalt not play truant, for verily it meaneth a blue slip.

IX.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's "friend," as he may be larger than thee, and besides the lady may not approve of thee.

X.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's pencils and pens, for 'tis better for thee to go to the Stationer's Desk and let them rob thee, for then the sin will be theirs, not thine.

THEIR FAVORITE HYMNS.

"When All My Labors and Trials Are O'er.....Neil Silliman
*"Blest Be the Tie that Binds".....Charlotte and Bill
"He Knows It All".....Lawrence Roller
"I'll Be a Sunbeam".....Mildred White
"Put on the Brakes, My Brother".....Harpst (speeding)
"Brightest and Best".....Margaret Hood
"Close to Thee".....DeHaven
"When the Bridegroom Comes".....Helen Mae Rydman
"All I am I Owe to Thee".....Chapman
"Think Gently of the Erring One".....Speer
"Pass Me Not".....Krieger (in his Ford)

*Changed to "I Don't Care, I Don't Care."

THE CHARGE OF THE FRESHMAN BRIGADE

(With Apologies to Tennyson.)

Half a page, half a page,
And pages outnumbered,
All in Room 40-B,
 Wrote the six hundred.
Forward the Freshman Brigade—
Oh, what a price they paid,
When in Room 40-B
 Wrote the six hundred.

Forward the Freshman Brigade—
There was neither man nor maid
But who was sore afraid,
 And every one blundered.
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs not to sit and sigh,
Theirs but to bone and try.
All in Room 40-B
 Wrote the six hundred.



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Pollock to the right of them,
Gates to the left of them,
Dawson in front of them,
 Strutted and thundered.
While death-dealing fumes they smell,
Boldly they wrote and well;
There in the Room 40-B,
There in the Freshman's hell,
 Wrote the six hundred.

Van Sickle to right of them,
Chapman to left of them,
Severance behind them,
 Threatened and thundered.
Death-dealing fumes they smell,
While *horse* and rider fell,
They who had writ so well
Came from Room 40-B,
Back from the Freshman's hell,
All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

Scratched each his head so bare,
Scratched and squirmed in his chair,
Studying the questions there,
Cursing the teachers there, while
 All the school wondered.
Plunged in chemical smoke,
Bravely they sit and choke,
While formula and reaction
Roll from each pencil stroke.
 Shattered and sundered,
Then they came back—but not,
 Not the six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the hard try they made!
 All the school wondered.
Honor the try they made,
Honor the Freshman Brigade,
 Noble six hundred.

"John is a good fellow," said Farmer Brown, "but a bit thick. I'll tell you what John's like," continues the version in the Washington *Star*. "I sent him out one morning to thin out the onion patch. It was a fine patch, but overcrowded. He worked two days, and then I went out to see what he had been doing.

"Well, sir, I found that he'd pulled out all the biggest onions and heaved them away, leaving only the smallest, meanest plaints in each row. I asked him what he meant by such work, and he said he wanted to give the little fellers a chance—the big ones had crowded them out, so they couldn't grow.

"Yes, John's a bit thick—a bit thick."

GRINDS OF THE SENIOR CLASS.

"A stoic of the woods,—a man without a tear."—L. Aue.

"The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg."—E. Bauer.

"A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits."—L. Bower.

"From ignorance our comfort flows;
The only wretched are the wise."—M. Mersereau.

"Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Mary."—Mary Emily Doyle.

"Genteel in personage,
Conduct, and equipage;
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free."—Margaret Hood.

"Then he will talk—ye gods! how he will talk."—B. Gifford.

"I want to be an Angel
And with the Angels stand,
A plug hat on my forehead,
Four aces in my hand."—F. Chapman.

"Young fellows will be young fellows."—W. Schneider.

"I was not born for courts or great affairs,
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers."—Helen Raab.

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"She was jes' the quiet kind whose natures never vary."—Lena Scott.

"I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."
—Louise Hoyt.

"Beautiful behavior is the finest of arts."—Marie Higgins.

"Humble, meek and good."—Naomi Helms.

"A modest blush she wears not formed by art."—Dorothy Grover.

"Gentle in manner, firm in reality."—Velma Weaver.

"Thus shines a good maid in a naughty world."—Dora Wheeler.

"She puts confidence in no man."—Charlotte Crabb.

"Almost too bashful to be remembered."—Ruth Timbers.

"Silence is golden."—Ruby Danforth.

"Quality, not quantity."—Myrtle Folker.

"In maidenly meditations, fancy free."—Lucile Friedly.

"She that hath knowledge spareth her words."—Margaret Moylan.

"A wise son maketh a glad father."—R. Robinson.

"Manhood fused with grace."—J. Trautwein.

"A little fire is quickly trodden out."—F. Boyle.

"He had a face like a benediction."—Carlyle Roberts.

"A bold, bad man."—Is. Mehlman.

"A sweet, attractive kind of grace."—Luella Durrant.

"Who ever loved that loved not at first sight."—Helen Rydman.

"Is she not passing fair?"—Lillian Douglas.

"As merry as the day is long."—Corinne Dunham.

"You have too much respect upon the world;

"They lose it that do buy it with much care."—Hazel Kuehnle.

"The quality of mercy is not strained."—Frances Doyle.

"A Daniel come to judgment."—N. Silliman.

"Have you heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for naught."—Coral Powers.

"I'll be merry and glad,
I'll be sad for nobody."—Clara Holmes.

"She comes we know not whence;
She goes we know not whither."—Madeline Janney.

"Right noble is her merit."—Anna Myers.

"All that I ask is to be let alone."—Genevra Grover.

"Be Clad by Thad"

You young fellows have a pleasant surprise coming; it will be more than a surprise---it will be an "exhilarating jolt" when you view our new

Spring Suits and Overcoats

They're the classiest ever and that's "going some"---They're different because a lot of "gray matter" was back of the designing and making.

Thad Poggemeyer
CLOTHES FOR MEN AND YOUNG MEN
331-333 ST CLAIR ST., NEAR ADAMS
"Be Clad by Thad"

"He trudged along unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought."—A. Hoyt.

"In busy companies of men."—Ruth Quimby.

"There's but the twinkling of a star
Between a man of peace and war."—C. Rose.

"He, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale."—H. Doying.

"We grant although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it."—L. McKay.

"A great man struggling in the storms of fate."—Wm. Heitman.

"Sighed and looked unutterable things."—Ethel Atkinson.

"I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace."—Vera Bacome.

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."—Marie Davis.

"Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave."—Doris Cangney.

"The Lord helps them that help themselves."—Ethel Fedderson.

"He has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle."—C. Ruch.

"And panting Time toiled after him in vain."—J. Spafford.

"Little things are great to a little man."—S. Price.

"How smooth and even doth he bear himself."—A. Richardson.

"Had I been present at the creation I would have given some useful hints for the better ordering of the Universe."—N. Jones.

"A maiden never bold."—Floy Sloan.

"And men sit down to that nourishment which is called dinner."
—Boys' Bible Club on Friday.

"A very gentle heart and of a good conscience."—Edith Silcox.

"O ye gods, how I hate to hear him sing."—F. Krieger.

"Afflicted with that great vice, good nature."—Gretchen Carvin.

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild."—Florence Long.

"Though I am not sportive and rash,
Yet I have something in me dangerous."—Alan Schaefer.

"Once I was waylaid by Cupid
And through his enticement caught."—Velma Zimmerman.

"A soul as white as heaven."—Hildegarde Young.

"Be good, sweet maid, let them that will be clever."—Bertha Zeeb.

"Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat."—Hazel Tarloff.

"Wit and Wisdom are born with a man."—L. Kietzman.

"Be wisely worldly, be not worldly wise."—H. Towe.

"Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives."—Mildred White.

"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."—Ruby Brockway.

"He is a radiating focus of good will."—N. Minneker.

"Whatever skeptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore."—R. Moening.

"Why could not conscience have vacation?"—Lenore Nevin.

"She that complies against her will
Is of her own opinion still."—Henrietta MacKinnon.

"She speaks, behaves and acts as though she meant it."
—Florence Enright.

"Next over his books his eyes began to roll."—Glen Crawford.

"Unblemished let me live, or die unknown;
O grant an honest fame, or grant me none."—L. Ketcham.

"Lest I should burst with ignorance,
I grind both night and day."—H. Young.

"What can't be cured
Must be endured."—J. Gerber.

"All her smiles in dimples die,
Glad is she and knows not why."—Elsie Von Ewegen.

"Pity's akin to love."—Catherine Gaffney.

"Angels listen when she speaks."—Esther Severinghaus.

"There is a pleasure sure
In being mad which none but madmen know."—G. Conklin.

"This is the porcelain clay of humankind."—F. Heckmen.

"For truth has such a face and such a mein,
As to be loved needs only to be seen."—Christina Goorley.

"Heaven's eternal year is thine."—Winifred Russell.

"Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child."—Minnie Redding.

"Better late than never."—Alice Luethi.

"Beware the fury of a patient man."—H. Brand.

"For every inch that is not fool is rogue."—H. Harpst.

WE WONDER WHAT—

Krieger will do next.
Silliman gets for running the Senior Class.
Margaret Hood's parlor rents for.
DeHaven and Urmah went to Monroe for.
Helen Rydman will be doing next year.
Rake-off Jones gets from athletic funds.
We'll do without the Juniors.
Bates would look like with a mustache.
What kind of chaperone Mrs. Bartelle would make.
Attraction Harvey Johnson finds at West Toledo.

QUICK WORK.

He—"Will you be my——"

She—"Oh, George, this is so sudden! Give me a little time——"

He (continuing)—"partner for the next dance?"

She (continuing)—"to catch my breath. I haven't recovered from the last Boston yet."

Pat—"How much did ye pay for thim eggs?"

Bridget—"Fifty cents a dozen, sure."

Pat—"We can't afford to ate eggs at thot price—putt thim in the cellar till eggs gits chaiper and thin we'll ate thim."

REASSURING.

Mr. Thomas (savagely)—"So you want to marry my daughter, do you? Do you think two can live as cheaply as one."

Stalker (slightly embarrassed)—"I—I hardly think you will notice any difference, sir."

ENVY.

"It is vulgar to dress so as to attract attention on the street."

"Isn't it!"

"I saw Miss Knobby going down the street yesterday in a gown which caused every man she passed to turn and look at her."

"Sure enough! I wonder who is her dressmaker."

"I asked her, but she wouldn't tell me."

Mr. Travis—"Young man, have an ideal. Have an ideal, I say, and hug it to your bosom at all times and places."

Bill Tucker—"She won't let me."

Mildred Cowell—"He told me he was burning with love for me."

Mildred Ware—"What did you do?"

M. C.—"I called father and he put him out."

Father (visiting at college)—"My son, these are better cigars than I can afford."

Son—"That's all right, father; take all you want; this is on me."

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A young lady took down the receiver of the telephone one day and discovered that the line was in use.

"I just put on a pan of beans for dinner," she heard one woman complacently informing another. She hung up her receiver and waited for the conversation to end. Upon returning to the telephone, she found the woman still talking. Three times she waited, and then at last, becoming exasperated, she broke into the conversation.

"Madam, I smell your beans burning," she announced crisply.

A horrified scream greeted the remark, and the young lady was able to put in her call.

FRIENDLY DISPUTE.

One day there came into the clinic a negress with a broken jaw. The examining physician, intent on discovering the exact nature and extent of the injury, asked numerous questions. To all of them the negress returned evasive answers. Finally she admitted that she was "hit by an object."

"Was it a large object or small object?" asked the physician.

"Tolle'by large."

"Was it a hard object or soft object?"

"Tolle'by hard."

"Was it coming rapidly or slowly?"

"Tolle'by fast."

Then, her patience exhausted, the negress turned to the physician. "To tell the truth, doctor, I was just simply kicked in the face by a gen'leman friend."

Mrs. Canfield (at Toledo Beach)—"Now, you must be very discreet with the young men you may meet here, Dema."

Dema—"I know, mama; they scare dreadfully easy."

Florence Black—"Did you get all the questions in the test?"

Cecil Wisler—"Yes, but I didn't get all the answers."

UNFORTUNATE.

Country Grocer—"Well, little boy, do you want to buy some candy?"

"Sure I do, but I gotta buy soap."

TRULY RURAL.

Two young girls were spending their summer vacation in the country.

"Do you know," said Edith, "that young farmer tried to kiss me. He told me that he had never kissed any girl before."

"What did you tell him?"

"Why, I told him I was no agricultural experiment station."

COME AGAIN.

"Mamma, Catherine don't tell the truth," said her little sister.

"Why, you mustn't say such things," replied her mother.

"Well, last night I heard her say, 'Clarence, if you do that again I'll call mamma.' And he did it twice more and she didn't call."

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COVERT BROS.

A MAN'S ANSWER.

"John!" shouted his wife, in the middle of the night. John snored a bit louder, and turned over.

"John!" she said with increased emphasis.

"What is it?" grunted John.

"Get up. The gas is leaking!"

"Aw, put a pan under it and come back to bed!"



Minnie Redding was complaining to Corinne just before Christmas of the way he (from Case School, Cleveland) was treating her.

"Speaking of Christmas presents, why don't you give him the mitten?" Corinne asked.

"It isn't a mitten he needs; it's a pair of socks; he's got cold feet."

THE GOOD SAMARITAN AND THE SINNER.

A good-natured man going home late at night spied a man leaning limply against a doorway.

"What's the matter?" he asked; "drunk?"

"Yep."

"Want me to help you in?"

"Yep."

With difficulty he carried the drooping figure up to the second floor."

"Is this it. Do you live here?"

"Yep."

Rather than face an angry wife the good-natured man opened the first door, pushed the limp figure in and closed the door. Then he groped his way downstairs. As he came out he saw another man apparently in worse condition than the first.

"What's the matter?" he asked; "you drunk too?"

"Yep," same the feeble reply.

"Shall I help you upstairs?"

"Yep."

The good Samaritan carried him to the second floor, where this man also said he lived, opened the same door and pushed him in.

As he again reached the street he saw a third man, evidently worse off than either of the others. As the good Samaritan approached, however, the man fled up the street and threw himself into the arms of a passing policeman.

"Off'sher," he gasped, "I deman' p'tection from thish man. He's carried me upsthairs twice'n thrown me down the elevator shaft."

A banker was in the habit of wearing his hat a good deal during business hours, as in summer the flies used his bald pate for a parade ground, and in winter the cold breezes swept over its polished surface.

A negro workman on the railroad each week presented a check and drew his wages; and one day, as he put his money in a greasy wallet, the banker said: "Look here, Mose, why don't you let some of that money stay in the bank and keep an account with us?"

The negro leaned toward him, and with a quizzical look at the derby the banker wore, answered confidentially:

"Boss, I's afeared. You look like you was always ready to start somewheres."

Graduation Day



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Decorations furnished for commencement exercises.

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We know how to advise you in the matter of Sick Room Supplies, and have a complete stock.

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Hammeral	H. Morgan	Fisher
Tucker	Butler	A. Schaefer

Mr. Bates—"I understand that you have a fine track team at Central. What individual holds most of the medals?"

Bates (after pondering awhile)—"Well, sir, I guess it is one of the pawnbrokers down town."

THE ILLUSTRIOUS ASSOCIATION OF RED HEADS.

Motto: "A man's a man for a' that."

Purpose: To protect themselves and fellow members.

Song:—

Roses are red,
Violets are blue;
We have red hair,
But it don't concern you.

Chief Fire Top.....Harold Morgan

Assistant Chief Fire Top.....Francis Boyle

Life Members.

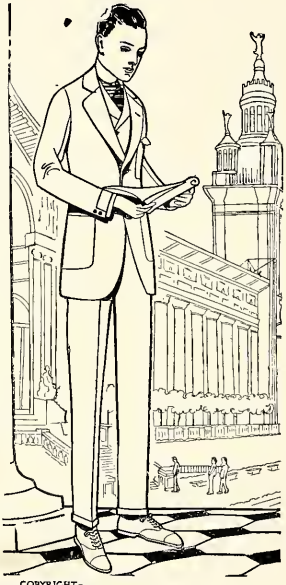
Walter McKay	Burleigh Gifford
Coral Powers	Harold Morgan
*Luella Durrant	Francis Boyle

Prospective Members.

Charlotte Stump	Ruth Collet

*Question here. She really has Syracuse hair—it being near Auburn.

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Lies not in dressing so as to attract attention but so that when observed no fault can be found.

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We wish you could see just what some hundreds of young men and women are accomplishing through savings accounts in this bank, and with much more meager equipment than yours! We wish that you could put yourself mentally in the actual position of our Builders-Up! We wish that we could show you more vividly their purposefulness—their growing self-confidence their newly-born ambitions, the results of BEGINNING their savings accounts!

We cannot tell you about these truths half as forcefully as we would like to do, but we urge you to TRY IT FOR YOURSELF. Start your account and build it up with a dime or more. You'll thank us for being instrumental in opening your eyes to the possibilities.

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Old Mr. Anderson, who was fond of relating stories of the war, after the Christmas dinner was over mentioned having been in five engagements.

"That's not so much," said little Edgar, suddenly.

"Why, Edgar!" cried his scandalized mother; "what do you mean?"

"Five isn't many," persisted Edgar; "sister Edna has been engaged nine times."

The newly married couple had gone West to live, and as the Christmas season drew nigh she became homesick.

"Even the owls are different here," she sighed.

"And how is that?" he asked.

"Here they say 'To-hoot-to-who,' and in Boston they say 'To-hoot-to-whom.'"

H. Gerber—"Where are you going tonight, Fred?"
Krieger (sweetly)—"Out t' Ware's."
Gerber—"That's what I asked you; where are you going?"
Krieger (more sweetly)—"Out t' Ware's."
Gerber—"Say, are you crazy? Where are you going."
Krieger (not so sweet)—"Out t' Ware's."
Gerber—"For the last time, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"
Krieger—"OUT T' WARE'S."
(Then the fight started.)

AND IT WAS.

A teacher recently received the following from the mother of an absent pupil:

Dere mam: please eggscuse Willy. He didn't have but one pair of pants an' I kep him home to wash them and Mrs. O'toole's goat come and et them off the line and that awt to be eggscuse enuff, goodness nose. Yours with respeck. MRS. B.

A man sat on a high board fence,
With his feet upon the ground.—Longfellow.

Wyant—"Where is the best place to hold the World's Fair?"
F. Rooney—"In your arms."

"I'm sorry to see you in such a state, old friend," said the visitor at the hospital, cheerily. "What on earth happened to you?"

"I fell off the roof—that's all," groaned the sufferer.

"That's interesting. I have an opportunity to prove an old theory here. They say that when a man falls from a great height he thinks of all his sins before he hits the ground. Now, is that true. Did you do that?"

"Well, I didn't have time to think of quite all of them. You see, I only fell five stories."

BUMPED.

A group of navvies was proceeding along a street, all convulsed with laughter. Every now and then they would stop and slap each other on the back. A policeman seeing them, wished to share in the joke, and going up to them asked: "What's the game?" This occasioned another fresh outburst from the navvies, and then they explained. "You know that 'igh building at the end of the street? Well, that was on fire. Not a blessed stair was left, and old Bill 'e was on the top, and dancing abaht like a bantam. So I yells to 'im, 'Bill, jump, an' we'll catch yer in a blanket,' an' 'e jumped but we 'adn't got no bloomin' blanket!"

AN EXCELLENT REASON.

"Is there any good reason why I should give you five cents?" asked the well-dressed elderly man of the youth who accosted him.

"Well," said the small boy, as he retired from the danger zone, "if I had a nice high hat like yours I wouldn't want it soaked with a snowball."

Mr. Pollock (at Senior dance)—"Say, there's a splinter in my tongue." Silliman—"There must be a stick in the punch."

POPULAR SONGS.

"Bobbing Up and Down"—Starr and Maumee car.

"Get Out and Get Under"—Harpst and his Regal.

"You Made Me Love You"—Tessie Trudeau.

"International Rag."—Johnson's ties.

"Isle D'Armour"—Sugar Island—Class Day.

"I'd Love to Quarrel With You"—Bill and Charlotte.

"I'd Rather Be a Minstrel Man"—The two Gerbers.

"Sweethearts"—DeHaven and Urmah.

It's easy enough to be pleasant
When life goes along like a song,
But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile

When you go to your class and you don't know your lesson and Miss Dunlap says, "Now you may give titles of the first twenty chapters of English Literature, the sub-titles, the color of Shakespeare's eyes, the number of hairs on Milton's head, and the evidence in favor of George Eliot's being a suffragette."

FACULTY COLUMN.

"He could tell the time of day
By means of algebra." —*Mr. Mathias*
"He was the mildest mannered man." —*Mr. Travis*
"Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you." —*Mr. Klag*
"She is young, but give her time." —*Miss Waite*
"The smile that was childish and bland." —*Mr. Chapman*
"I frown the while, tho' cheerful am within." —*Miss Dunlap*
"I have never seen anything worth getting angry for." —*Miss Gates*
"High aims bring out great minds." —*Mr. Wells*
"His friends, they are many;
His foes, are there any?" —*Mr. Pavlicek*
"It is all Greek to me." —*Miss M. Ryan*
"Where have I heard that name before?" —*Miss Bartelle*
"He is a man through and through." —*Mr. Pollock*

A FRESHMAN'S ESSAY ON BREATHING.

We breathe with our lungs, our lights, our kidneys and our livers. If it wasn't for our breath we would die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life agoing through the nose when we are asleep. Boys who stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait until they get out in the fresh air. Boys in a room make bad air called carbonicide. Carbonicide is as poison as mad dogs. A lot of soldiers were once in a black hole in Calcutta and carbonicide got in there and killed them. Girls sometimes ruin their breath with corsets that squeeze the diagram. A big diagram is best for the right kind of breathing.

Genevra Grover went into a store to buy some spring ginghams.

"Are these colors fast?" she asked the clerk.

"Yes, indeed," he replied earnestly; "you ought to see them when once they get started to run."

POKER TERMS IN C. H. S.

One pair—Gus and Mary Emily.
Two pair—DeHaven and Urmah, Krieger and Mildred.
Three of a kind—Esther Graves, Marian Thompson, Ruth Collett.
Full house—Room 16. Singing period.
Flush—Chambers' face.
Four flush(er)—Greene.
Straight—Mr. Gayman.
Queen of Hearts—Tessie Trudeau (by special request).

Morgan plays the piano—doodle-da-dee!
And he bangs in every imaginable key,
Till his brow with honest dew is wet
And neighboring flats are marked "To Let."
But all the girls stay near to see
How he plays his wonderful doodle-da-dee,
And watch him with eyes that shine
As he wrings out music almost(?) divine.



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"Repeat the words the defendant used," said the lawyer for the plaintiff in a case of slander.

"I'd rather not," said the witness timidly; "they were hardly words to tell to a gentleman."

"Ah," said the attorney, "then whisper them to the judge."

Sammy was not prone to over-exertion in the classroom; therefore his mother was both surprised and delighted when he came home one noon with the announcement: "I got one hundred this morning."

"That's lovely, Sammy!" exclaimed his proud mother, and she kissed him tenderly. "What was it in?"

"Fifty in reading and fifty in 'rithmetic."

The touring car had turned upside down, burying the motorist under it, but the village constable was not to be thus lightly turned from his duty.

"It's no use your hiding there," he said severely, "I must have your name and address."

Won't you be very, very happy when your sentence is over?" cheerfully asked a woman of a convict in prison.

"I dunno, Ma'am, I dunno," gloomily answered the man.

"You don't know?" asked the woman, amazed. "Why not?"

"I'm in for life."

"How does it happen," said the teacher to the new pupil, "that your name is Allen and your mother's name is Brown."

"Well," explained the small boy, after a moment's thought, "you see, she married again and I didn't."

"This class comprehends the meaning of words very quickly," said the Boston teacher to her visitors. "You noticed we spoke of the word 'ransom' a few minutes ago. How many"—turning to the children—"can think of a sentence containing the word 'ransom'? Every one. Yes, Harold?"

Harold arose proudly.

"My sister's beau ran some when Pa——"

And then the children wondered why the class was dismissed three minutes early.

A certain careless student in a small college suffered from obesity, and it appears that even college professors do not love a fat man. One day, after a particularly unsuccessful recitation in mathematics, the instructor said scornfully: "Well, Mr. Blank, you are better fed than taught."

"That's right, Professor," sighed the youth, subsiding heavily into his chair; "you teach me—I feed myself."

HE KNEW HOW HE GOT IT.

"That large bump running across the back of your head," said the phrenologist, "means that you are inclined to be curious, even to the point of recklessness."

"I know it," said the man who was consulting him; "I got that bump by sticking my head into the dumb-waiter shaft to see if the waiter was going up, and it was coming down."

Dick heard of Lou's engagement and went around to congratulate him.

"Well, old boy," cried Dick, as he grasped his friend's hand, "my congratulations! Is it true that you are engaged to one of the pretty Robbins twins?"

"Yes," replied Lou heartily, "I am happy to say it is so."

"But," inquired Dick, "ho wdo you ever tell them apart?"

"I don't try to," was the reply.

The little son of the physician, together with a friend, was playing in his father's office during the absence of the doctor, when suddenly the young host threy open a closet door and disclosed to the terrified gaze of his little friend an articulated skeleton.

When the visitor had sufficiently recovered from his shock to stand the announcement the doctor's son explained that his father was extremely proud of that skeleton.

"Is he?" asked the other. "Why?"

"I don't know," was the answer; "maybe it was his first patient."

A small boy had been vaccinated, and after the operation the doctor prepared to bandage the sore arm, but the boy objected.

"Put it on the other arm, Doctor."

"Why, no," said the physician, "I want to put the bandage on your sore arm, so the boys at school won't hit you on it."

"Put it on the other arm, Doc," reiterated the small boy; "you don't know the fellows at our school."

"The great men are all dead," she said, with evident regret.

"But the beautiful women are not," he replied, looking earnestly at her.

Of course," she added, after a moment's reflection, "I always except present company."

"So do I," he said.

Then she asked if he would be good enough to conduct her to her husband.

UNNECESSARY.

"Do you understand what you are to swear to?" asked the court as a not over-intelligent-looking negro took the witness stand. "Yessah, Ah does. Ah'm to speah to tell de truf." "Yes," said the judge; "and what will happen if you do not tell the truth." "Well, sah," was the hesitating answer, "Ah expects ouah side'll win de case, sah."

DON'T SAY THIS TOO FAST.

If a Hottentot taught a Hottentot tot
To talk ere the tot could totter,
Ought the Hottentot tot to be taught to say "aught"
Or "naught," or what ought to be taught her?

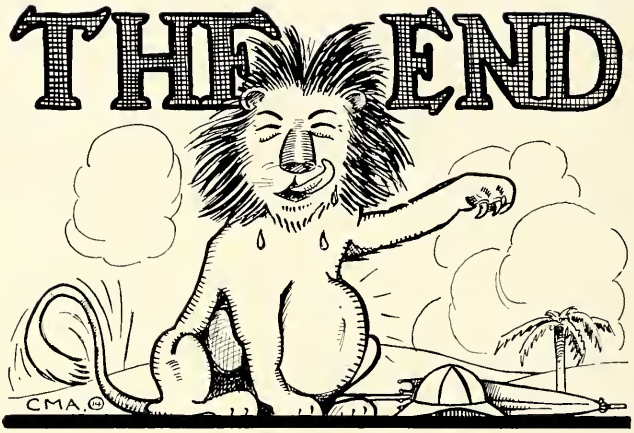
If to hoot and toot a Hottentot tot
Be taught by a Hottentot tooter,
Should the tooter get hot if the Hottentot tot
Hoot and toot at the Hottentot tutor?

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